The Children of Divorce—*Four Cases*

The Nation

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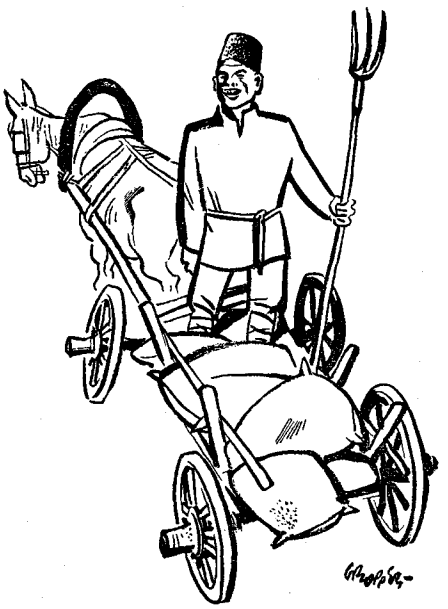

Russia's New Revolution

by Louis Fischer

The Tariff Vote Market

by Henry Raymond Mussey

Fresh Hope for Haiti

by Helena Hill Weed

Joseph Wood Krutch on D. H. Lawrence

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The Nation

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

Associate Editors
FREDA KIRCHWEY
DOROTHY VAN DOREN ARTHUR WARNER

Dramatic Editor
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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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THE NATION-WIDE COMMUNIST demonstration of Thursday, March 6, passed off, on the whole, extremely well. Special honors go to the Mayor of San Francisco and to the Police Commissioner of Baltimore. Both of them were politeness itself, permitted the Communists to march, and protected the parades; all rioting was avoided, and the populace remained good-humored and even amused. In New York 40,000 persons attended a completely orderly and good-natured assemblage in Union Square which was turned into a nasty row when the police attempted—successfully—to clear the streets in a quarter of an hour. The original police arrangements for the meeting were admirable. Mr. Whalen's own bearing was at first excellent. He himself offered to take the leaders in his own car to see the mayor, guaranteeing them an audience to present the claims of the unemployed. He was quite within his rights in refusing to allow a parade without a permit. Unfortunately, when the trouble began a number of his police lost their heads and attacked persons right and left, whether they were guilty of a breach of order or not.

GLAD AS WE ARE to praise Grover Whalen for his behavior on March 6, we can only censure the bitterness and vindictiveness shown by both him and the District Attorney, Mr. Crain, against the five Communist leaders who were arrested. Nothing could so increase Communist bitterness and arouse sympathy for them as any obvious effort to railroad these misguided and misguiding leaders. The address made by the Police Commissioner the day after the riot in which he boasted that his stool-pigeons were on the inside of all Communist activities, even to the extent of being beaten up by their comrades of the police, reflects very little credit upon his intelligence. If the police are doing that sort of thing it would hardly seem wise to notify the Communists themselves as to their movements. Moreover, Mr. Whalen admits going far beyond his proper sphere when he declares that the police are giving the employers of labor information as to Communists in their employ. Americans still have the right to their own beliefs however mistaken, and to freedom of conscience. This fact we commend also to the New York Chamber of Commerce, which has just appointed an entirely reactionary committee, chiefly representatives of "patriotic societies," to root out the reds and especially to rouse large employers of labor against the Communists in their employ.

THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED DEATH of Justice Sanford of the Supreme Court removes not one of the most distinguished members of that tribunal but one who enjoyed great personal popularity and was universally respected by the bar. That he belonged to the conservative and reactionary part of the Court is, of course, well known. Hence, the filling of the vacancy left by Mr. Sanford will be a definitive test of the President's attitude toward the Court, all the more significant since it is now plain that Mr. Hoover will have the making over of the Court in his hands. At the time that Justice Stone seemed slated for the chief justiceship, it was understood that one of the most progressive and liberal judges in New York would be named to take Mr. Stone's place as associate. With Mr. Stone and Mr. Hughes, both from New York, on the Court it will require courage by the President to appoint still another New Yorker. Meanwhile, Justice Holmes, that noble representative of so much that is best in our American life, has celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday amid universal acclaim. That he is the foremost American citizen today is the belief of multitudes; the recent book containing his dissenting opinions has been selling like a novel. He can well rejoice in this nation-wide applause, for it is proof that his countrymen still know how to honor a great judge, a just judge, a liberal judge, and a fearless one.

WHAT THE MONROE DOCTRINE IS and what it is not is the burden of an elaborate memorandum prepared by J. Reuben Clark, former Under Secretary of State, in December, 1928, but made public for some unexplained reason only on March 3 last. According to Mr. Clark, the Monroe Doctrine means today only what it meant when it was announced in 1823—opposition by the United States to European interference with the political affairs of Latin-American states. The so-called "Roosevelt corollary," under which the United States was at liberty to "attempt an

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adjustment" of "financial or other difficulties" in weak states of Central or South America "lest European governments should intervene and, intervening, should occupy territory," is held to be without justification by the terms of the Monroe Doctrine "however much it may be justified by the application of the doctrine of self-preservation." We are glad to see what the Bogota journal *El Espectador* describes as Roosevelt's "audacious adulteration to a formula of imperialism" ruled out of court, but intervention in the garb of self-preservation is just as dangerous as intervention wearing the cloak of the Monroe Doctrine—more dangerous, in fact, because self-preservation is the more comprehensive term. What we should like to read is an announcement by the State Department that the United States proposes henceforth to let Latin America manage its own affairs.

REGISTRATION OF ALIENS continues to be pressed in Congress, three bills on the subject being before that body at the present time. A bill introduced by Representative Aswell of Louisiana calls for compulsory registration annually, with deportation as the penalty if registration is delayed two years. A similar but less drastic bill, sponsored by Representative Cable of Ohio, adds a provision allowing aliens who entered the country illegally between 1921 and July 1, 1924, to legalize their residence. This last provision should certainly be dealt with in a separate bill. A third bill introduced by Senator Blease of South Carolina, similar to one passed by the Senate in January, 1929, provides for voluntary registration. The most serious objection to these bills is the use that would almost certainly be made of them if any of them became law. Voluntary registration, if that policy were adopted, would speedily become compulsory in practice through the insistence of employers, the operation of administrative regulations, and the pressure upon aliens who held out to register as others did. Any attempt to enforce registration would subject all persons of alien birth, whether naturalized or not, to espionage, suspicion, and annoyance.

"PRISONER KILLS the Auburn principal keeper." This headline has appeared for the third time in the last three years. What is more remarkable is the fact that this latest victim of prison rage was stabbed seven times in the presence of all the prisoners, just after three other Auburn convicts had been sentenced to the electric chair and had been removed to Sing Sing for execution. Here we see the deterrent effect of the death penalty. Was there ever a clearer proof of its utter futility? The murderer of Keeper Beckwith was beaten into insensibility by the keepers and lay in a state of coma for three or four days. Immediately Assemblyman Cuvillier introduced into the New York Legislature a bill calling for the use of the lash in jails and the abolition of the Mutual Welfare League. At least one official at Auburn kept his head. He is Warden Hoffman, who refused to be stampeded into threats for the establishment of further tortures, declaring that this sort of thing was all in the day's work for a keeper and would happen just as long as the present prison methods were continued. Major Philip G. Roosa, of the staff of the Commissioner of Prisons, was equally cool. "Give us buildings where we can classify and segregate prisoners, and we can stop this sort of thing," he said. There is no doubt who the chief criminal is. It is the State of New York.

THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES was all that a Charlotte, North Carolina, jury required to acquit five mill foremen of the murder of Mrs. Ella May Wiggins in Gastonia last September. For the killing of Chief of Police Aderholt, seven strikers and union organizers were sentenced to from five to twenty years in prison. But the deputies in Marion who shot and killed six strikers in a riot in front of one of the mills have been acquitted, as have those charged with the murder of Mrs. Wiggins. Governor Gardner made it plain that he wished the trial just completed to be conducted vigorously and fairly; to that end he appointed Attorney General Brummitt to conduct the prosecution after Solicitor Carpenter had clearly shown that he could not force himself to any real activity except in a case where strikers were the defendants. Two State's witnesses identified Howard Wheelus, one of the defendants, as the man who shot Mrs. Wiggins. But Wheelus offered an alibi and the jury evidently found it possible to believe him. It is evident that neither the citizens of Gaston County nor its officials are ready for the organization of the textile workers. Those of the workers who are ready will have to be patient and begin all over again, and they can be sure that sooner or later their strength will impress both employers and officers of the law.

GIFFORD PINCHOT has rendered a public service in again throwing his hat into the Pennsylvania governorship ring. It would be intolerable if the Republicans of that State were to have no choice except one between a Vare candidate and a Mellon one. "I want to help break," Mr. Pinchot declares, "the strangle-hold of the electric, gas, water, trolley, bus, and other monopolies on the cost of living and the government of the State." That his stand as a dry will help him greatly is beyond question; whether he will again have the luck to win the nomination in a three-cornered contest time will soon show. Meanwhile, it is a great pity that there is no one like him to challenge the Vare candidate for the Senatorship, Secretary of Labor Davis, and the Mellon candidate, Senator Grundy, apostle and lobbyist of high-tariff interests. At least Mr. Vare is out of it. He has finally yielded to his supporters and retired.

THE BEST OF NEWS comes out of Haiti. The Hoover Commission has already won the complete confidence of the Haitians and has obtained Mr. Hoover's consent to an arrangement made with the opposition elements to substitute at once for President Borno a provisional president, agreed on by all the protesting parties. This person is to call immediately a constitutional popular election and then resign so that the new assembly can elect a permanent president. General Russell is to be superseded at once by a regular civilian minister. Furthermore, the commission on Monday flatly demanded that President Borno carry out his earlier acceptance of this agreement. All of which merits the enthusiastic cablegram of our special correspondent, Helena Hill Weed, printed on another page of this issue and all the commendatory adjectives with which she describes the work of the commission. The fact that this leaves the American Occupation totally discredited we would not stress; its downfall came because the commission was willing to hear the opposition which appeared in overwhelming numbers to demand freedom, as did the Catholic church—the same opposition which General Russell, in true military style,

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knew no better way to deal with than to threaten, repress, and imprison. That *The Nation* rejoices with all its heart at this promised outcome we need hardly say.

PROTESTS AGAINST PROTESTS are the new phenomena which have followed the heated denunciation of the anti-church campaign in Russia. Dr. George S. Counts, associate director of the International Institute of Teachers College, Columbia University, who has lately returned from a seven-months' tour of Russia, declares that the protests of Western sects "can do little good if their object is to moderate" the anti-religious movement, because the religious bodies in Russia that are being attacked "have been for the most part hostile to the Revolution from the beginning." Dr. H. H. Henson, Lord Bishop of Durham, referring to the prayers of intercession for Russian Christians that have been ordered for March 16, joins with Prime Minister MacDonald in deprecating anything that mixes politics and religion in the Russian matter, and warns of danger that the protest may "lose its moral impressiveness." A notable counter-protest is the statement issued on March 5, signed by eighty-seven ministers of various sects in New York City, regretting the omission from the anti-Russian pronouncements of "a note of humility and a recognition of the historical facts which have caused" the Russian policy. Substantially the same position had been taken three days before by some of the faculty and sixty-seven students of Union Theological Seminary. All of these protestants agree in deploring anything that savors of religious persecution, but the Russian problem, as they clearly perceive, is so much more political than religious that organized efforts to exact pressure from the outside might bring in their train a real jeopardy to world peace.

INDIA STANDS ON THE BRINK. As this issue of *The Nation* goes to press Gandhi is beginning his civil-disobedience program which may result in his immediate arrest. We shall soon learn several things: just how far India is united behind the move for independence and its leader; whether it will be possible to keep the movement non-violent; and how wise or unwise the Viceroy will prove to be in dealing with a situation as difficult as it is profoundly dangerous. Already Vallabhai Patel, Gandhi's chief lieutenant, has gone to jail after issuing a statement in which he said that "our success lies in our capacity for non-violence and self-sacrifice." He then reiterated his program of non-violent non-cooperation and advised that in the event of Gandhi's arrest village officers should resign, Indian barristers should boycott the courts, and wherever people were ready non-payment of taxes should begin. These must be extremely anxious days at 10 Downing Street and in the office of the Viceroy.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S GENIUS is best expressed in his matchless pantomime. It is undoubtedly because he knows this that he has abjured the talkies. Chaplin, according to his representative, will organize a new company, erect new studios, and set aside five to ten millions of dollars a year for producing pictures. He will appear personally in one picture a year and will personally direct one picture. His company meanwhile will produce several additional films each year, all silent. The news that Chaplin will direct one picture a year is as heartening as the promise that he will appear in one annually, for it means that we may expect other films as excellent as "The Woman of Paris." The fact that Chaplin will sponsor only silent pictures is good news for those who prefer silence. On the other hand, since the talkies are with us and show every sign of remaining with us, we could wish that someone who combines, as Chaplin does, artistic excellence with financial independence might enter the land of the loud speakers where so far the still, small voice of intelligence has been almost entirely submerged.

ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY belonged to an older generation of university presidents which numbered Eliot of Harvard and Gilman of Johns Hopkins among its distinguished names and it is as president of Yale during a long period of transition that he will be most widely remembered and honored. Few men who have been translated from a professorship to a presidency have carried with them such sound and varied attainments as scholars or held so firmly the enthusiastic loyalty of successive generations of students and alumni. His main contribution to the intellectual life of the country, however, was made not in the field of educational administration but in that of economics, particularly in railway organization and transportation, where he was long a recognized authority. His support of Governor Smith in the Presidential campangn of 1928, largely because of Governor Smith's attitude toward prohibition, did credit to his political independence, for he had left the Democratic Party in the free-silver days, but he could not be induced to accept a Democratic nomination for Senator from Connecticut in that year, feeling, no doubt, that the Bingham machine would be too strong for him. For all his learning, his omnivorous interest, and his genial manner, his temper was conservative, and his insistence upon the public obligations of private business did not carry with it any marked evidence of sympathy with government supervision or control.

THAT ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ, whose death is reported from Germany, will ever rank with General von Ludendorff as one of the evil geniuses of Germany is beyond question. Supposedly a great expert in his field, as well as a passionate patriot, he was a pure militarist constantly urging his country into a race of armaments which could only lead to war. In his memoirs he declares that the German naval authorities, among whom he had the controlling voice, had decided from the beginning of the war not to use the fleet in any decisive naval battle. Jutland was an accident, and they were fortunate to get out of it as well as they did. None the less, though it was not to be used, the fleet was kept in being, tying up thousands of men and officers who might have been thrown into the submarine service. Fortune had given Germany a weapon with which it could have defeated England and broken her naval power, and yet never at any time did Tirpitz get more than fifteen submarines on the front line, and actually not until September, 1918, when the end was at hand was there an order given for a very large number of U-boats. Some officers, like General von Hoffmann, protested when Tirpitz began the submarine campaign with an inadequate number of U-boats. Von Hoffmann affirmed later that if all the available German naval power had been applied to the submarine campaign it would have won easily. Even as a naval officer von Tirpitz was thus hopelessly inadequate. Yet the leading nations, our own included, continue to put faith in the naval and military mind.

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Parity the Enemy

IT is now plain that the naval conference in London is near the rocks, and this is true despite Ramsay MacDonald's radio appeal of March 9 to the American people to shun the pessimists. Nothing but good luck can save it from becoming a genuine disaster to all the world and the most lamentable breakdown of statesmanship since August, 1914. For this the American delegation will not be able to escape a large share of the blame. It has been extraordinarily weak. It has lacked courage. It has blundered damnably. It has forgotten the words and promises of its own members, notably those of Messrs. Stimson and Gibson. It plainly went to London without a clear-cut policy or a program, and it has obviously been inspired by nothing from the White House. Mr. Stimson has merely muddied the waters by his statement of March 5 intended, he said, to refute the "impression that the work of the American delegation at this conference is likely to result in an increase instead of a reduction in the tonnage of the navies of the world." The most superficial examination showed that Mr. Stimson had submitted no figures to prove that his promised net reduction of 200,000 American tons was in sight, "and an even larger reduction on the part of the British fleet"; that his figure was "contingent upon some reductions being made in the fleets of other Powers." Next, Mr. Stimson resurrected obsolete cruisers (including Sampson's flagship at Santiago thirty-two years ago), submarines, and destroyers to make even this promise possible. Finally, it appeared that Mr. Stimson got some of his reduction by counting in ships authorized but not yet begun! Whatever else may be said of this statement it smacks of despair and self-delusion.

Aside from the fallibility of the delegation itself, what is it that has wrecked our undertaking in London? We answer this question by quoting from a dispatch in the New York *Times* from its correspondent, Edwin L. James. Reporting in it the sullen reaction of our delegation to the cablegram of criticism from 1,200 American protestants, Mr. James, whose language is obviously directly inspired, concludes his dispatch thus:

> America can have parity at the cost of sacrificing her reduction principle at this conference and paying a billion dollars. She can have reduction at a cost of sacrificing her principle of parity and saving a billion dollars. But to obtain parity and reduction both at this conference is beyond the abilities of Secretary Stimson and his colleagues. It is also beyond the abilities of the 1,200 signers of Mr. Fosdick's cablegram.

The New York *World,* which has ignominiously hauled down its flag by saying that "we cannot hope to reduce existing fleets or reduce the fleets we are building," but that "we can still hope to reduce the fleets we would have to build if the conference fails," similarly admits that parity is the controlling influence. Thus, it says that "the only conceivable basis of agreement between two Powers of such magnitude is equality" and that "any other basis of inferiority and superiority would be the source of perpetual irritation." "Parity," it declares, "is valuable. It costs a price. The price is naval construction up to a standard fixed by Great Britain. . . ." Writing from London in the *New Republic,* William T. Stone, of the Foreign Policy Association, declares that our delegation is "more concerned . . . with precise mathematical parity than with possible ways of achieving reduction."

Here then is the chief enemy—this new, un-American, recently unheard-of doctrine that we must have parity with Great Britain. We have existed as a nation for 154 years, and no one ever pretended to assert until the last few years that we needed parity with the mother country. We were for generations completely unarmed, notably from 1830 to 1860 and from 1870 to 1900, and never did Great Britain seek to take advantage of it, not even under the terrific incitement of Grover Cleveland's Venezuelan message. But now all is altered. Not at *a* price as the *World* says, but at a terrible price we are to have parity—at the cost of building still larger fleets, of reducing not at all; at the cost of an armament race with Great Britain; at the cost of being feared and therefore hated by all the other Powers; at the cost of a billion and then of untold additional millions of dollars; at the cost of some of our finest American ideals.

And parity, what is it? A chimera. The *World* rejoices that by "an act of high statesmanship and profound common sense" we have eliminated the question of relative naval bases, the merchant marine, trade routes, inland versus continental strategy, financial resources, and industrial resources. What remains? Mere numerical parity. Just as though any two nations could be on a par even with exactly duplicate fleets when the vital question is the brains of the respective commanders, the drill and efficiency of the crews, their marksmanship, their will to win—all the personal factors—and even these, as the battle of Jutland showed, may be offset by weather conditions. Parity is a myth, guaranteeing no victory, but only insuring war.

Will Americans yield to this folly? We cannot believe it. Who has authorized the *World,* or our delegation in London, or President Hoover, or the Congress, or anyone else to say that the United States must have parity? Who has had the authority to say for the American people that, having grown great and rich and powerful, a "world Power," we must, therefore, assume a crushing naval burden which we declined to consider when we were weak and young and totally undefended? Who has given the *World* the right to assume that if the conference fails we shall have to build vast new fleets to our own impoverishment? Has anybody asked the American people for its views? Not Mr. Hoover. He would be careful not to seek to ascertain definitely whether the people of this country, opposed to its business leaders and its politicians, wish to embark on this policy. We do not believe for an instant that the aroused conscience of America or its moral forces will submit to any such interpretation of America's future. There will be no yielding without a tremendous struggle, without proper characterization of those who would fasten upon our industry military and naval burdens which, as Mr. Hoover admits, are already greater than those borne by any other nation on earth. On this line there are Americans ready to fight, not only all summer, but as long as they live.

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Stones for Bread

THERE is something pathetic about the outgivings of the Administration in regard to unemployment. Secretary Davis, put forward as a spokesman on March 4 to tell how the situation was regarded at the White House, paraded some figures which were quickly shown to be unreliable, admitted that some 3,000,000 persons were out of work and that the situation was "distressing," added the smug protestation that the calamity, thanks to the Administration, had been kept down to less than one-half that of "previous crashes," and concluded by averring solemnly that things would be better if Congress would only hurry along the tariff and public-buildings bills. Mr. Hoover, with the felicitations of Senator Fess—nobody else!—on the achievements of his first year in office to hearten him, followed the next day with the unofficial announcement that he saw business recovering rapidly from the effects of the stock-market crash, and struck hands with his worthy Secretary of Labor in calling for the speedy enactment of the tariff enormity. This was his positive contribution. On the negative side he saw no need of an unemployment conference and was opposed to doles.

The Hoover statement given out on March 7 was obviously intended to bring more specific comfort to troubled hearts. Notwithstanding Senator Wagner's unchallenged assertion that the Administration "has neither the figures nor the means of securing them" about unemployment, the Departments of Commerce and Labor, we are told, have discovered that "unemployment amounting to distress is in the main concentrated in twelve States." The States are not named, but since the concentration is also declared to be "in the large industrial centers," one gathers that the situation is most acute precisely where it should be expected to be. Relatively to the number of workers there is "considerably less than one-half," and probably only one-third, of the unemployment "which resulted from the crashes of 1907-8 and 1920-22." Meantime business is improving, interest rates are lower, bond issues for public improvements are increasing, wage schedules are being maintained, there is less borrowing on insurance policies, and the Federal Reserve is again feeding out credit. Let the country cheer up; "all the evidences indicate that the worst effects of the crash upon employment will have been passed during the next sixty days."

This optimistic piffle is set off by a memorandum prepared by Secretaries Davis and Lamont designed to show that things are going on tolerably well. Mindful, apparently, of watchful critics, the Secretaries are careful to admit that "there are no detailed statistics as to the unemployed, and they can only be approximated." On the basis of a canvass of trades employing some 17,000,000 persons, "and applying the same ratio to the whole," they estimate the number of unemployed at "perhaps 1,000,000 and certainly not more than 1,250,000" more than a year ago. In the building trades the normal seasonal unemployment has risen from about 30 per cent to 40 per cent, but "various surveys" show an increase of employment in all trades of "somewhere from 600,000 to 1,000,000 since the low point at the beginning of the year." The cloud has not only a silver lining, but a golden edge; "the forces of recovery are steadily gaining strength" and "the winter seasonal unemployment will soon relax." "If every business concern and every householder able to do so would survey their situation as to repairs, clean-ups, and betterments that must be undertaken sooner or later, and have them put in hand now with a view to relieving the immediate distress in their localities," and if governments, railways, public utilities, and business generally will "continue their able cooperation toward recovery," there will soon be brightness in place of gloom. Thus the gospel according to Robert and the epistle general of James.

We are not convinced by Mr. Hoover's cheer nor by the optimistic estimates which the two Secretaries marshal to support it. It is small consolation for the millions who are out of work to be told that if they can hold out for another two months they may find jobs. We see no evidence in the weekly reports of banks, trust companies, and statistical agencies that industrial or trade recovery is anything but spotty or that business as a whole is emerging from the doldrums; while as for cheap money, that is as good an argument for the bears as for the bulls. The pathetic thing about these Administration statements, however, is that Mr. Hoover does not seem to know why we are having an unemployment crisis, and that the specific remedies to which he turns have at best only an emergency value.

To acclaim the tariff or public works as satisfying correctives of unemployment is both confusing and futile. Senator Wagner, in the recent speech in which he flayed the President for "artificial attempts at myth-making," spoke the solid truth when he declared that "not a shred of evidence has been submitted to show that the tariff debate has caused business to halt or pause." Public works, on no matter what scale, can at best only mitigate a condition which affects the whole structure of our industrial and business society. It is idle for Mr. Hoover to protest that he does not believe in doles; for doles, whether directly in the form of charity such as many communities are now obliged to dispense, or indirectly in the form of such artificial stimulation of industry as Mr. Hoover has initiated, are inescapable accompaniments of unrestricted competitive production.

There is no need to rehearse the particular causes of unemployment. They all inhere in the conditions of a machine and capitalistic age in which the ability to produce has outrun the normal ability to consume, and in which high-pressure methods of forcing consumption are held to conduce to so-called higher standards of living. What the country would like to know is whether Mr. Hoover realizes this, and if he does, what he is prepared to do about it. As far back as 1921, when he was Secretary of Commerce in the Harding Cabinet, he set out to do something nationally about unemployment. He was still setting out when Mr. Coolidge took him in train. Now, after eight years and more, we have another crisis. Is Mr. Hoover prepared to recognize unemployment as a national disease and champion national treatment to combat it, or will he go on asking the country to cheer up while he temporizes and drifts?

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Yachts Gargantuan

IN this year of our financial, economic, and moral depression one of our new multimillionaires with a taste for grandeur has placed an order with the Hamburg firm of Blohm and Voss for the "largest private yacht in the world." It is to cost $3,000,000, its length will be 410 feet, its net tonnage is reported to be 8,000 tons, its speed will be eighteen knots, and with a crew of approximately eighty men it will accommodate, besides the owner's family, some twenty guests. The daily press declares that it will be "one of the most luxurious steamers afloat." The cost of maintenance will be not less than $300,000 a year without depreciation and without the owner's personal expenses for entertainment. This is larger than Mr. Morgan's new Corsair, a mere 3,080 tons, to cost only $2,500,000.

In the case of one of our Pittsburgh Mellons we have already expressed our feeling about American millionaires who, although ardent upholders of protection for our industries from foreign competition, place their orders for yachts in foreign shipyards. What right have they, ask we, to go abroad to purchase in the cheapest markets? Are not our shipbuilders needing support, too? Are these yachtsmen really willing to profit by pauper labor abroad and to take the bread out of the mouths of American workingmen? Where, where is the American Federation of Labor? Is it possible that Messrs. Green and Woll are too deeply engrossed in fighting the Bolshevik godlessness to spring to the rescue of our endangered shipyards?

This sad spectacle does not, however, prevent us from considering further Mr. Williams's yacht. It is but one of about twenty such seagoing vessels over 200 feet long built during the recent boom years. They are equipped with the most efficient turbo-electric or Diesel engines, with gyroscopes to eliminate rolling, with "metal Mikes"—automatic steering devices—to eliminate the wobbly steering of even the most efficient quartermasters, with the most up-to-date heating and cooling devices, and with every other comfort obtainable. More than that, the day of the old-fashioned ship-style yacht interior has gone. The effort is now not to let the voyager know that he is at sea, but to deceive him into believing, despite the pitching, that he is in a country house. Hence the calling in of interior decorators familiar to Fifth Avenue; hence designs which suggest nothing of the sea except the ship painting over the fireplace, in which burns a real log fire.

Less than fifty years ago the greyhounds of the seas were only 500 feet long and were under 7,000 tons—this was the size of the Alaska of the Guion Line which long held the speed record and cost only about $1,500,000. Companies found it not easy to finance such a leviathan. Cabins were small, smelly, and lighted by smoking lamps. They were arranged around the dining saloon so that those at meals might miss none of the sighs and sounds of those in distress at sea. Now a single individual can compass for his private pleasure a ship which costs twice as much as the ocean steamer of the late seventies. Meanwhile the average wage of the textile worker in the United States is $15.49 a week and the average annual income of the American farmer continues to be $774.

William H. Taft

OF William H. Taft it must be said that he had without question one of the most winning personalities in our public life. If his face was not his fortune then his kindliness, his humor, his geniality, and his sincerity were. However much one might differ from him politically, to know him was to like him. One felt his absolute honesty of purpose, however hemmed about his vision. Unbiased people never could believe that he was actuated by an unworthy motive or ruled by selfish ambition. Indeed, his rise to our highest office was not the result of his own desire. The antithesis of Mr. Hoover in this respect, he lifted no finger to achieve the Presidency, but allowed himself to be chosen for that office by the then President, who again proved that the power we have allowed to accrue to our Chief Executive renders it possible for him to dictate his renomination or to pick his successor—in the case of Mr. Taft, at a cost to him of bitterness, disappointments, misunderstandings, and loss of highly valued friendships.

That Mr. Taft's qualities were also his defects is clear. Your kindly, good-humored, easy-going man is not often an incisive executive, especially if he be of stout habit. Life was altogether too easy for him. He was born to means and to social position. He achieved readily his appointment to the bench upon which he might have stayed a respected and happy judge had not the Philippine opportunity come to him—the brightest chapter in his entire career. He carried American ideals with him. He was determined to treat the Filipinos as equals and as our wards in trust for a brief period. He even danced with their women at the most important official functions and so won for himself the anathemas of those who considered the natives "niggers" fit to be ruled over but never fit for fraternization. But always Mr. Taft was apart from the mass of our own people by reason of his good fortune; by the fact that he never had to fight for a living and hardly for office.

As President he ruled—and failed. Not that he wholly merited the anger of Roosevelt or the bitterness of Pinchot and others. His fault was that he was intellectually slothful and constantly procrastinating. He decided the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy in an evening and decided it wrongly, after thirty-six holes of golf that day with Yale undergraduates. The next morning he started on his fatal Western trip and, as he afterwards admitted, dictated his critical Winona speech "between stations"—his freedom to admit his faults was one of his charms. He found himself in the wrong because he had not thought things through.

These were fatal blunders. But it was characteristic of the man that he bore no malice. Given an opportunity to address American newspapermen and to "get even" with them he replied: "Experience has taught me that an exhibition of one's wounds gives only momentary pleasure to the exhibitor and too often furnishes additional gratification to the one who inflicted them. Besides, I have no grievances." He never had enough grievances, or rather hardships, to make him really a tribune of the people or a wise, far-seeing, progressive justice. On the Supreme Court he was conservative and reactionary to a degree. But his heart was golden at all times.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE government, even of a great nation, must have concern for little things. In a cosmic scheme which has arranged that the fall of sparrows shall be noted it is not amiss for the House or Senate to give heed to the tribulations of the individual, however humble. And even so I am puzzled to understand what public purpose was served by dragging Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge from her pleasant Philadelphia home to tell some kindly Congressmen of what she gives her guests for supper. Seemingly, Mrs. Strawbridge had no complaint to lodge with press and public. Her parties are bone dry and she is satisfied. She says that her guests are. None of the guests was summoned. Such potential rebuttal might have covered the ground more completely, but I am at a loss to understand why it should have been touched upon at all.

To be sure, there was no indication of unwillingness upon the part of Mrs. Strawbridge. She faced the limelight bravely and without flinching. No conscript she, but only a volunteer. Indeed, there was evidence that this was not the first occasion upon which the lady from Philadelphia had embraced an opportunity to exert an influence beyond her home sphere. The work of sustaining dry dinners does not seem to be as exhausting as an outsider might imagine. Possibly all the guests left a little early. At any rate, time hung heavily upon the hands of Ruth G. K. Strawbridge. Accordingly, she took up her pen and wrote round-robin letters in a flawless and flowing script. And this was the burden of her letter:

> I am taking the liberty of addressing myself to you, as a representative Philadelphia woman, to inquire quite confidentially whether in your judgment it would be possible to constitute a committee of women of your own standing in the social world who would interest themselves in creating sentiment for observation of the prohibition laws within their own circles.
>
> There has no doubt recently come to your attention the notable example set by Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, in this respect. I am sending you herewith a photostat copy of the newspaper article which was published about Mrs. McLean's Easter breakfast party. I have every reason to believe that her courage in making this innovation in Washington society met with the hearty approval of President Hoover and of all others, like himself, who are trying to inculcate in our people at this time a more lively sense of their obligations as American citizens.
>
> May I reiterate that anything you are good enough to write me or to suggest will be treated in strictest confidence.

A search through the entire "Book of Etiquette" fails to furnish me with any precedent for this singular behavior. In great detail the problem of whether she should ask him in is discussed, and also the station a young man should assume when walking with two young ladies along a crowded thoroughfare. But there is nothing which fixes a method for meddling in the affairs of one's neighbors.

Although the working day of Mrs. Ruth G. K. Strawbridge does not seem to have been filled to overflowing, she did not have sufficient leisure to acquaint herself with the provisions of the prohibition law before she wrote her letter. The serving of beverages in the home is by no means essentially illegal. There are still families in Philadelphia possessing cellars in which repose wines acquired before the mandate of Mr. Volstead. One cannot really think that Mrs. Strawbridge stooped to sniff at any entertainment to which she was invited. No matter how close the constitutional kinship, a social gulf still yawns between the Brookharts and Strawbridges.

That no bootlegged potion ever graced a Philadelphia table I would not be prepared to argue. As a member of the great middle class I would not think of asking any host or hostess: "Just where did you get this liquor and is it come by with honesty and good intention?" Beyond the borders of my home I take the cocktails and the soup which are set before me without question. I had supposed in my ignorance of the ways of the socially elect that this was as fundamental as the *injunction not to point*, which my parents and guardians dinned into me at four. And so it seems to me that the most impressive thing in the Ruth G. K. Strawbridge inquiry lay in the opening phrase: "I am taking the liberty."

As a student of human psychology I should have liked to see the answers in full. We only heard that other social leaders were favorable for the most part to the suggestion that they should become as pious as any Strawbridge and quit giving guests the stuff which steals away the brain. Unfortunately, the lady could do no more for the House committee than summarize her findings. Her letter was confidential. But one confidence begets another. I wonder if in the collection there might have been even a single reply running about as follows:

> DEAR RUTHIE: Thanks for reminding me of the law and of the duty of us social leaders. I did see the newspaper account of Mrs. Ned McLean's boozeless breakfast. At least my secretary called it to my attention. I hope you agree with me that it was a vulgar display of a passion for publicity. An older woman like yourself must remember back to a day when it was not customary for a social leader to spill all her stuff to the press men whenever she gave a party. But after all, she did marry a Middle Westerner.
>
> Incidentally, my dear, I want to make a suggestion to you, and I trust that you will take it in the same spirit in which I received yours. Where in Heaven's name do you get your scrapple? I was talking it over with one of the Biddles only last week and we both agreed that somebody ought to have the courage to tell you about it. If you could have seen the face of that poor French count who attended your delightful banquet last Saturday! He was as brave as Lafayette at Gettysburg or wherever it was that somebody said, "Nous voilà." Don't you find history boring?
>
> Of course, maybe it isn't the scrapple itself. It could be your cook. Several of us have been meaning to speak to you about her. I was discussing it with the Drexels last night. So sorry not to find you there. But to make a long story longer I'll meet you half-way on your proposition. If I agree to give up whiskey sours at my house will you agree to quit serving scrapple at yours? I hope the children are all well. John sends his love.
>
> HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Tariff Vote Market

By HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

Washington, March 7

THE vote trade is extremely active during these closing days of the Senate tariff debate. The market reached its peak for the present season thus far at three o'clock on Wednesday, when ten Senators who on January 16 voted against raising the present sugar duty reversed themselves without a word of explanation and voted for the new higher rate proposed by the chairman of the Finance Committee. Here are the names. Let them not be forgotten: Dill and Jones of Washington, Ashurst and Hayden of Arizona, Pine and Thomas of Oklahoma, Schall of Minnesota, Trammell of Florida, Goff of West Virginia, and Metcalf of Rhode Island. Let not their geography be forgotten, either. Their astonishing reversal, made without the presentation of a syllable of new evidence, took place in the face of a blistering speech from Senator Caraway, flatly charging them with trading their votes on sugar for votes on other duties in which they are interested.

> Mr. President [said Senator Caraway], I am aware that no argument, no information available or that might be produced, is to be effective in the vote that is pending. The fate of this bill was settled by a trade, an agreement, in which my information is—and I think it is accurate—that eight Senators have agreed to change their votes upon this rate and vote for sugar in return for votes that are to be hereafter cast for other duties that are pending.
>
> That being true, argument is wasted; because when a matter becomes a matter of trade, of consideration, of bargain and sale, whatever the facts may be, the result has been fixed.

In the face of these charges the ten sat silent. When the vote was taken, Senator Smoot and the Great Western Sugar Company had won by a vote of 47 to 39. Five days earlier the long grueling fight of the Progressive-Democratic coalition had seemed about to come to a triumphant conclusion. Now it appeared to be lost. On all sides one heard that the Old Guard had regained control, and that in the few remaining days of the Senate battle they would put new duties on lumber, oil, cement, brick, aluminum, iron, what not.

What brought about this sudden change in the tariff situation? The facts are quite simple. On January 16 the Senate, in committee of the whole, after full consideration of the sugar duties, adopted by a vote of 48 to 38 an amendment proposed by Senator Harrison of Mississippi to retain the present rate of 1.76 cents a pound on Cuban sugar instead of the rate of 2.20 cents proposed by the Finance Committee. This vote constituted one of the major victories of the coalition. It represented a saving of some tens of millions to sugar consumers, and it seemed as though the housewife might sleep quietly at night without putting her sugar-bowl under lock and key. But during February there began to be heard disturbing rumors of a new combination, particularly among the oil, lumber, and sugar interests. Washington swarmed with oil lobbyists, whose activities have just been ventilated by Senator Caraway's committee. The woes of the sugar producers, of course, have been broadcast to a listening world ever since Senator Smoot and his associates began their efforts to jack up the sugar duties a year ago, but oil furnished a comparatively new story at Washington.

The producers of crude oil have had their troubles for a long time, owing directly to a completely uncontrollable competitive bringing-in of new wells which flooded the market with an output from domestic sources averaging during the past year 2,755,000 barrels per day, and driving down the price. This made it easy, however, to blame the troubles of the industry on imports, which last year amounted to only 78,915,000 barrels, mostly from Mexico and South America, against a domestic output of 1,005,598,000 barrels. Of course, in any rational economy imports of a rapidly exhaustible natural product like crude oil would be welcomed as lengthening the life of the native supply, but the independent oil men (the great body of producers outside the big companies) can see nothing for it but a dollar duty on imported oil, which, they assume, would raise the price of their own product by a like amount—an assumption manifestly unsound unless domestic output is restricted. The independents likewise turned their guns on the big concerns, like the Standard companies, which as the chief refiners are the great importers of crude oil. Altogether, they carried on a tremendous campaign with plenty of well-paid lobbyists and hundreds of oil men from all over the country pouring into Washington to urge on Senators the needs of their imperiled industry.

While this was going on in a semi-public way, the more practical details were being attended to by those expert in such matters. Telegrams now in possession of the lobby committee show clearly enough the line of action taken, which was a combination with the sugar and lumber interests. To quote a single example, take the telegram addressed to C. C. Sheppard, general manager of the Louisiana Central Lumber Company, a constituent of Senator Broussard, one of the most persistent tariff beggars (in behalf of his sugar friends) in the national legislature:

> Russian importation of lumber and South American importation of crude oil without protective tariff will further demoralize these great industries unless protective tariff is secured on them. . . . Pat Harrison of Mississippi and Broussard of Louisiana must be lined up. Depending on you to reach these parties through whatever channels your conscience dictates.

On February 25 Earl Callaway, second in command among the lobbyists, reported to one of the editors back home:

> I am glad to advise tonight that we have secured the support of two of our most obstinate opponents whom we had dreaded on the floor of the Senate, and I believe by Friday [when the vote was to be taken] we shall have at least two more strong men in the Senate who have opposed us heretofore and who will appear in our favor in the debate. It is my prediction and sincere belief that we have won this fight.

It is plain enough how the game was played by the wily high priest of sugar protection from Utah and his asso-

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ciates, notwithstanding their bitter denials of trading. Such heaven-sent opportunities as this situation offered of bringing salvation to imperiled American industry and, incidentally, of picking up the few remaining votes needed to overturn the mistaken Senate decision of January 16, were not to be neglected. As the time for the vote on lumber and oil approached, hopes ran high, but, alas, arrangements for mutual aid are not always successful. Senator Jones of Washington had proposed an amendment for a duty of three dollars per thousand feet on lumber. Finding it impossible to get that, he changed it to two dollars on soft woods only. When the vote was taken on February 27, the amendment was rejected by 39 votes against 34. The next day came the vote on Senator Thomas's amendment proposing a duty of a dollar a barrel on crude oil and 50 per cent ad valorem on all derivatives. After a fiery debate, in which Senator Blaine made a vitriolic attack on the oil lobbyists, this amendment, too, was beaten by 39 votes against 27, or, counting pairs, 48 to 36. On this vote, as on lumber, the chairman of the Finance Committee, with that faithful regular, Metcalf of Rhode Island, voted to maintain the position of the committee as against the duties proposed in the amendments. Of the ten Senators who switched on sugar, Goff, Jones, Pine, and Thomas voted for both oil and lumber duties, and on lumber they were joined by Dill, Ashurst, and Trammell, while Metcalf, Schall, and Hayden were recorded against both oil and lumber. The actual details of the bargaining, of course, were not revealed. When the Senate adjourned on the evening of February 28, the opinion prevailed that the oil-lumber-sugar coalition was beaten.

Such judgments took no account of the resourcefulness and persistence of the Utah Senator who watches over sugar. Oil and lumber had labored under the disability of an unfavorable report from the Finance Committee; not so sugar. Therefore, the apostle of sweetness, defeated on the earlier committee proposal for a duty of 2.20 cents on Cuban sugar, now brought forward a new measure for a two-cent rate. Once more the debate waxed furious and the opponents of the increase hurled their charges of dicker and trade. All in vain! Clad in the panoply of righteousness, denying all charges of log-rolling, admitting the enormous earnings of the Great Western Sugar Company, the saccharine saint yet pointed tearfully to the profits of the candy and pop manufacturers, stated that Cuban sugar the day before had reached the lowest price in history, and let it go at that. No more was needed; for there sat nine of the silent ten, giving no sign but ready to vote when the moment came, while the paired Goff was not at hand.

Before the final vote was taken, Senator Howell obtained unanimous consent for a vote on his amendment proposing a bounty of forty-four one-hundredths of a cent a pound to beet and cane producers, one-fifth to go to the mill and four-fifths to the farmer. He pointed out that the maximum cost under his plan would be $10,600,000 a year, of which $8,500,000 would go to the farmer, while the Smoot amendment would cost $30,000,000, of which not more than $6,000,000 would reach the manufacturer and the farmer. This simple and straightforward plan of taking money out of the public treasury and handing it over to the farmer, the plan favored by the honest advocates of farm relief at a minimum cost to the treasury, was buried under a vote of 66 to 22.

Then the secretary called the roll on the Smoot amendment, and one by one the votes were cast: Ashurst, Dill, Hayden, Jones, Metcalf, Pine, Schall, Thomas, Trammell—with Goff paired and absent. None of his hearers will soon forget the scorching words of Senator Caraway:

> We will need no explanation. None will be necessary and none could explain. When the roll is called, we will know whether legislation is written on the floor of the Senate because the facts warrant the votes, or whether it is made by trades taking place outside of the Senate, because here there is no chance to be mistaken.

Senator Thomas had already defiantly given notice of his intention to reintroduce his oil amendment in slightly different form. Lumber may again come on the carpet. Cement, made free in January, was today charged six cents, Wagner, Tydings, Couzens, Pine, and Pittman reversing themselves. Senator Cutting is expecting a fresh onslaught in behalf of the customs censorship that he fought so valiantly and successfully before; but if the secret smut session threatened by Senator Smoot is actually held, that godly man will be confronted by an impressive document signed by 560 leaders of thought in all parts of the country, opposing the system of censorship by customs inspectors, which document was inserted in the record by Senator Cutting on March 7.

The New York *World* on Thursday morning uncovered a fresh scandal by disclosing that a considerable part of the office force used by Senator Grundy when he was simply a high-tariff lobbyist, has since his elevation to a seat in the Senate been moved from its downtown offices to his quarters in the Senate Office Building. The Pennsylvania Senator's lame defense on the floor led to a more complete exposé by the lobby committee.

What will be the outcome of the tariff fight, as a whole, no one can say at this stage. The coalition has received a staggering blow, and the Washington *Post* says that the existing combination "if successful, and the cards certainly seem stacked for it to be, will virtually revamp the bill from a coalition-written one to an Old Guard bill," pointing out that six members of the coalition, Couzens, Fletcher, Frazier, Howell, King, and Nye, voted for the sugar tariff before. It goes on:

> And it was upon this weakness in the coalition camp that the tariff fixers, who have laughed contemptuously at the "high principles" of the coalition from the beginning and predicted confidently that in the end their fixing would prevail, went to work. They went to work upon the coalition, in such a way and at such a time, too, that they bid fair to make them look like political monkeys. . . .
>
> There was one Old Guardsman who could not restrain his mirth after yesterday's result. "The dynasty fell on the only things about which it was right," he chuckled.

Even after the bill is out of the Senate it must still run the gauntlet of the conference. If the Old Guard succeeds in winning the final battles on the Senate floor, a large part of the good work done there during the past six months of steady fighting may be undone, and the conference will simply have to choose between two sets of thoroughly bad provisions. But the fight is not yet over, and it is too early to assume that the cohesive power of public plunder is going to prevail against the determination of the small band who have persistently fought, with ever-shifting alliances, for a relatively honest tariff bill, if such a thing may be said to exist.

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D. H. Lawrence

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ON March 3 D. H. Lawrence died of tuberculosis in a villa near Nice. His death, at the age of forty-five, extinguishes a talent that was one of the most varied and stormy in contemporary literature. Too much of an individualist to be the member of any school or even, for that matter, to be the founder of one, he was nevertheless typically "modern" in his preoccupations and he had his passionate say upon most of the topics which agitated his contemporaries.

Lawrence was born in a miner's cottage in Derbyshire and grew up amid the hardships which he described in his first conspicuously successful novel. At sixteen he became a village schoolteacher and though he was compelled for lack of funds to forego the scholarship which he was awarded at the age of nineteen, he succeeded two years later in matriculating in a training-school for teachers. Shortly afterward some poems written to a local girl were published in a magazine and the fact determined him to embark upon a literary career. His first novel, "The White Peacock," was issued in 1911 and from that time on he wrote with great rapidity, publishing in all some twenty-one volumes in less than twenty years.

Throughout his career Lawrence was the subject of acrimonious controversy and the victim of much persecution, both political and literary. A professed pacifist and the husband of the former Frieda von Richthofen, he was hounded by secret police during the war and he became, besides, the object of persistent hostility on the part of the censors, both here and abroad. Thus, "Sons and Lovers" aroused the protests of Justice Ford; "Women in Love" was attacked by Sumner; the British Home Office seized copies of a recent volume of poems called "Pansies" which he had sent to England from Italy; and a Boston bookseller was arrested just a few weeks ago for selling his latest (and privately printed) novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover." But though these various annoyances doubtless increased his irritation against contemporary society he was a natural protestant, hardly less at war with the outside world than with himself. And this fact was, perhaps, the one which most clearly marked him off from his older contemporaries in English literature.

The Shaws, the Galsworthys, the Wellses were, however much they might battle with their fellows, patriotic Englishmen at bottom. They believed in modern society, in the possibility of reforming it, and, even more specifically, in the society of England. But Lawrence's abandonment of England and his wanderings in Australia, Mexico, and the American Southwest were outward signs of the fact that he had given up that white man's civilization which he so bitterly reviled. He had no political interests and no social program. It was only incidentally that he condescended to touch a detail of our system, as he did, for example, when he attacked the censorship, for he had repudiated it in toto and he saw no reason for meddling with the details.

Essentially an anarchical individualist, his absorption in the problems of the individual in general and of himself in particular implied that it was useless to consider how men might manage to live together when it was not yet clear how each could live with himself. He was perpetually asking what human nature was capable of and he never succeeded in giving an answer satisfactory to himself. It was the universe that he would not accept and he was angrier at God than he was at kings or censors. Hence, though he believed that nothing was to be gained by reticence or suppression, he never promised any solution, for he was far more inclined to believe that civilization was going down in some stupendous debacle than to hope that even the frankest and freest discussion would save it.

Many maintained that "Sons and Lovers," the first of his novels to attract great attention, was in every respect the best. Nor is there any doubt that it is, with the possible exception of some of the short stories, the most finished and articulate of his prose works. It is a realistic novel not entirely outside the tradition represented, let us say, by the early works of George Moore, and it might very possibly be read as merely an admirable realistic story of the struggles of a young miner. But the very fact that it is less repugnant than most of his other works to tastes which find scant pleasure in "Lady Chatterly's Lover" or "Women in Love" is sufficient indication of the fact that it is not the author at his most characteristic. Its unobtrusive and inexplicit use of a "mother complex" as the dominant psychological factor in the life of the hero serves to announce Lawrence's persistent preoccupation with various sexual abnormalities, but it is essentially the work of a man who still feels the influence of a tradition to which he is adapting himself and it is therefore either not really representative or at least far less characteristic than even such a book as "Aaron's Rod," which may be more difficult to classify but which for that very reason gives more of the peculiar quality of the author.

Indeed, it may be doubted whether Lawrence was primarily a novelist at all in the conventional sense of one whose chief concern is with a picture of the world outside himself. He is at his best when describing the doings and feelings of people who are essentially variants of himself, and from "Sons and Lovers" on his development is centrifugal rather than centripetal. He scatters instead of coming to a focus, and the result is that we lose a novelist to gain an almost frenetically passionate commentator upon life as it affects his supersensitive and irritated soul. He tried at one time or another almost all the forms of literary composition—poetry, fiction, drama, criticism, history, travel, and philosophy—and his purely literary gift, his gift, that is to say, for forceful and peculiarly unhackneyed utterance, was extraordinary; but it is the temper of the man which gives unity to the work and it is ultimately that temper, in whatever form it happened to express itself, which makes the work so interesting. Lawrence was very conspicuously himself whether he happened to be speaking in his proper person, in the pages of a novel, or even in an effort to interpret the character of Benjamin Franklin, whom he recognized, properly enough, as the most perfect possible antithesis of himself.

(*Continued on page 346*)

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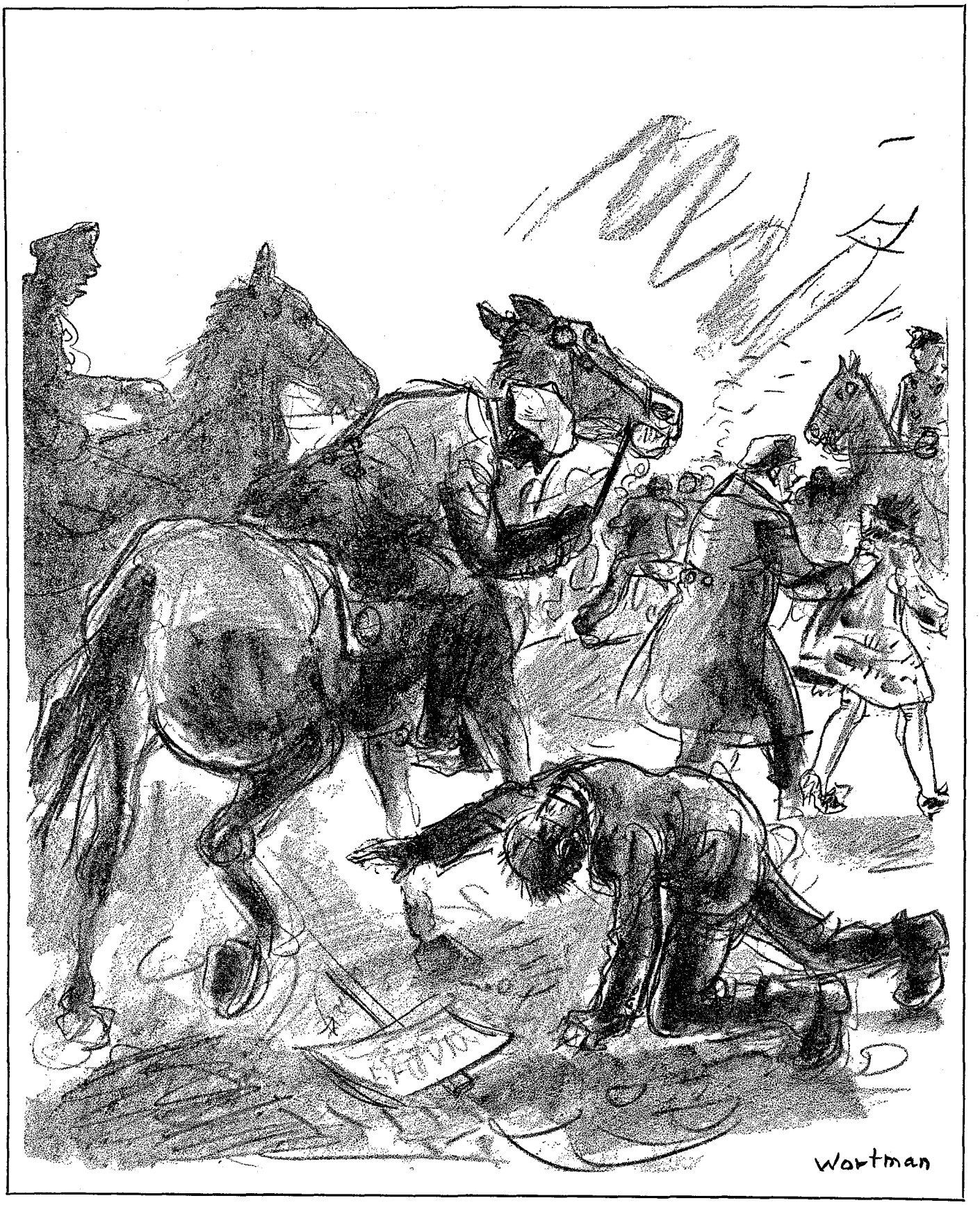

"Y' gotta have respect for law!"

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Russia's New Revolution

By LOUIS FISCHER

Moscow, February 16

THE present is the most interesting period of the Bolshevik Revolution since 1922, perhaps since 1917. A tremendous upheaval has occurred during the past six months. One returns to the country to find not only new achievements, radically new policies, and a new social atmosphere, but a powerful, all-enveloping, newly released wave or wall of energy and enthusiasm. This is my outstanding impression. Even the passive, anti-Bolshevik sections of the Soviet bureaucracy feel the inspiration of recent trends; as for the Communists, they have become machines of permanent motion, more uncritical and impersonal than ever, driving fiercely toward a goal which grows nearer as the milestones are passed in planful fashion. The goal is the complete destruction of capitalism in the Soviet Union, and after that stage the complete enthronement of socialism. We are witnessing the gradual accomplishment of that for which November 7, 1917, took place. This is *the* revolution.

The greatest innovation is the sharp course directed to the eradication of private capitalism in the village. The kulak, or rich peasant, is to be wiped out "as a class," and the private capital of the middle, poor, and landless peasants is being pooled into collective agricultural units called *kolkhozi*. The organization of *kolkhozi* is proceeding far ahead of plan, and soon the majority of the Soviet Union's peasantry—25,000,000 households—should be bound together in cooperatives using government land, borrowing government tractors and seed, and selling their produce to the state. From this to the complete proletarianization of the Russian peasantry is, I think, a long but single step. The subject, however, needs more than a paragraph, more than an article. For the moment I shall limit myself to a sort of bulletin of the changes which struck me on my return.

Collectivization amounts to the ruthless extermination of NEP on the land. How logical, therefore, that the Nepmen of the city be brought under the same head. Private stores in Moscow and other urban centers grow fewer daily, and private trade—both legal and illicit—has shrunk to an unprecedented minimum. Stalin a week ago publicly summoned the party to more temperance in this matter, for the Moscow committee of the party had set itself the task of the wholesale and immediate annihilation of private capitalism in the cities. Yet unless an unexpected trend toward the Right sets in, NEP and the Nepmen are doomed to at least economic death.

Stalin's ultra-radical, revolutionary policy has won the hearts of the Trotzkyists, and they have come rushing back from Siberian, Caucasian, and Volgan exile to participate in the pressing business of construction. They have come back humbly, with clipped wings, acknowledging Stalin's talents and Trotzky's mistakes. The remnant that remains in Barnaul, Tashkent, Tobolsk sulks in remote retirement out of personal affection for the "great Leo." (His brilliancy shines undimmed in his recent autobiography, but its apologia and criticism, which may strike a sympathetic note in the soft air of foreign lands, sound like a far cry amid the clang of battle and the din of the forge that envelop Russia.) Stalin, my ex-Trotzkyist friends tell me, has done more than they wanted of him, and more even than they had expected of Trotzky. Only if the Right raises its head will Trotzky be needed here. But at present it is Left tendencies, like those of the Moscow committee, which require checking.

It is indicative of the extent to which the crushing of everything private has gone that the private practice of medicine has been restricted and will probably soon be entirely prohibited. In anticipation, doctors and dentists are uniting into cooperatives, forsaking private activities in cases where they also enjoy state employment, or preparing for very hard times.

The student of social movements is interested to observe that the moment socialism comes into the foreground communism appears in the offing. The *kolkhozi* may here and there develop into communes, but especially in the cities one already notes the beginnings of groups which propose to place their varied earnings in a common fund and live on a communistic basis of equal consumption. Some of the new cooperative houses are being converted into communes. Institutions occupied with family and child problems are dreaming what today may still be fantastic dreams of idealistic unions, with state care of children, but tomorrow, when the Five-Year Plan is successfully executed, may gradually assume realistic forms.

A year ago, even six months ago, the Five-Year Plan encountered strong skepticism abroad and resistance at home. Now the slogan is: The Five-Year Plan in Four. In some branches they will certainly do it—in oil, chemicals, agricultural machinery, lumber, agricultural collectives. The Turkestan-Siberian Railroad will be finished in May, 1930—four months in advance of plan. New industrial giants are rising in every corner of the vast land, and the more they build the more they must build. Industrialization begets industrialization, and collectivization, with its concomitant of mechanization, makes maximum factory production a prime necessity. The aim is to make the Union industrially powerful and economically self-sufficient (incidentally, by converting into a commercial asset a wild rubber-yielding plant of Kazakstan, the government hopes to make Russia independent of foreign rubber supplies), and monumental progress is registered each day in this direction. All year, the curve of industrial output has risen; during the first third of the current fiscal year foreign trade increased 23.3 per cent, and in the same period the amount of currency in circulation was reduced. Inflation has been checked.

To increase output, an unbroken working year has been introduced together with a five-day week. As a result, factories, offices, and stores operate 360 instead of 310 days a year, yet each person gainfully employed enjoys six sabbaths per month instead of four. The days of the week no longer exist, and people, even my kindergarten children, count by the days of the month. The social as well as economic effects of this daring departure are manifold and deep.

Sundays and Saturdays have been abolished. This in-

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dustrial reform, therefore, strikes an indirect blow at church attendance. Yet if this were all, Greek Orthodoxy need not be disturbed. It would be unnatural, however, if the new revolutionary resurgence, the tremendous crescendo of militant socialization, the augmented mass enthusiasm of workers, and the more intimate contact of the peasantry with the state, with Communists, and with the proletariat did not stimulate the spread of atheism. On this subject, too, I promise another article. The change is one not in quality but in quantity—tremendous quantity. It is the thermometer of the crusade against private capitalism and of the newly tapped gushers of popular will, determination, force.

Everything moves here. Life, the air, people are dynamic. When I watch these recently unsealed reservoirs of energy I am sometimes carried away and think that nothing is impossible in the Soviet Union. Russia is pulling herself upward by her own bootstraps as no nation has done before. The Bolsheviks retain all the qualities which explain their past achievements, and now they have another—confidence in success. A promissory note on the future stirs the proletariat to maximum concentrated effort. The technical personnel of industry, hitherto indifferent or hostile, has finally turned a corner and caught by the spirit of creative, planful building, is throwing itself enthusiastically and loyally at an unprecedented engineering opportunity. This is an added asset to the state and increases the potentiality of growth. Moreover, those dynamos bursting with power—the youth—have been harnessed to the industrial chariot, and they move in shock brigades, putting their shoulders to wheels that are stuck in the mire, closing breaches in the economic front, reinforcing weakened sectors of the line. Really, this country grows younger and younger as the years go by.

The cost is very heavy. The population is being deprived of many comforts and even of some necessities in the name of accomplishments yet to come. The explanation is simple: so much money is being invested in capital development that the needs of the present cannot be entirely satisfied. A score of new large cities, hundreds of factories, a network of electrical stations, a host of schools and scientific institutions are in the process of construction. They will yield goods a few years hence. But today they require funds, labor, materials. What they get is equal to what the population does not get. The hope that they will repay the debt handsomely is the present motive power.

Divorce—and After

IV. The Insecurity of the Child*

FOUR CASE HISTORIES

DIVORCE adds to the insecurity in children's lives. One need not be a psychologist to know that. The question arises whether or not this insecurity would be present, and if so whether in greater or less degree, in homes where parental unhappiness, incompatibility, or hostility has not led to actual separation or divorce. The four cases detailed here are taken from the actual records of a consultant in the behavior problems of children and young adults. Each one presents facts and factors which may be duplicated in other cases where the consequences were diametrically opposite to those here described. So much is contingent on the native equipment and previous training of the children and adults involved, so much also is dependent on other environmental factors present before and after the divorce, that any effort at generalization is more likely to reflect the truth about its author than about divorce.

I

A wealthy couple are divorced after ten years of wretched quarreling. Two children, a boy of nine and a girl of five, remain in the custody of their unhappy, embittered, socially ambitious mother. Long before the divorce the mother has begun to devote herself to her son, to whom she offers the loving attention that a woman gives to a mature man. As her relations with her husband grow more strained, and of course more markedly after the divorce, she takes the boy into her confidence, she uses him as escort, she seeks his ministrations when she is ill or indisposed, she discusses her friends with him, they read the newspapers together, she tells him again and again that he is the only one she has left. The boy plays his role to his mother's satisfaction, and thus secures constant praise and appreciation from her and from most of her women friends.

Meanwhile, his younger sister, who has been her father's pet and a spoiled but loving daughter to her father, finds herself alone after the divorce. She is forced to seek out the company of her mother, who intrusts her to the care of a French governess. What little companionship the child receives from her mother is bestowed grudgingly. She soon discovers that she can increase this maternal attention in two ways—by unsatisfactory behavior and by illness. True, the former involves the pain of rebuke and punishment; the latter, confinement and unpleasant medicines, not to mention doctors who even doubt her illnesses. But this behavior is successful in obtaining for her her mother's solicitude, and that reward is apparently worth the price.

She has also begun to punish her father for his absence. When he visits her she is extremely rude and unpleasant to him, accepts his gifts ungraciously, and even offers him her opinion that he is not a very nice man. Her father does what his paternal duty commands: he discusses his little daughter's rudeness with her mother, blaming his wife, of course, for what he considers the child's inadequate training. The mother meets the child's deviations of conduct with criticism, constant correction, deprivations by way of penalty, and other forms of punishment.

This treatment of the girl, who is now ten years old, is grist to her unconscious mill. She achieves, on an anti-

* This is the fourth of a series of articles on the problems created by divorce. A fifth will appear in an early issue.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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social level, an eminence that she despairs of ever attaining on any plane of good behavior, first, because of the discouragement she draws out of the carping criticism of a frustrated mother; secondly, because of constant unfavorable comparison with the paragon, her elder, father-impersonating brother; and thirdly, because of the essential insecurity of her own fatherless life. For years now she has been a serious problem at home; she has recently become a serious problem at school. Meanwhile, the brother, now fourteen, has reacted in an unfortunate manner to the role of husband forced upon him. Tall and robust though he is, his manner, his attitude toward other boys, and his growing disinterest in girls reveal an alarming disposition to identify himself, not with the absent father, but with the omnipresent mother. Effeminacy is not a healthy symptom in a strong young man of nearly fifteen.

There can be little question of the cause-and-effect relationship between the divorce of these parents and the behavior of their children. But it should be pointed out that for every case similar to the foregoing in a divorced household, there are several just as impressive and quite as distressing to be found in the homes of those who are unhappily married but not divorced.

II

A childless couple of means, finding themselves drifting apart, mutually decide that what they need is a child. The young, pleasure-loving mother views with favor neither pregnancy nor the care and worry that in her mind must mark the all-too-protracted period of infancy. She persuades her husband that an adopted child is "just as good"; and a bright and beautiful little girl of three receives their name.

Fundamentally there is something sinful in deliberately avoiding the travail of childbirth. That becomes, for a time, the burden of the mother's conscious regrets. Only for a time, however. Soon they are neatly repressed in the face of other, greater grief. The new little girl had brought about for a while at least that community of interest that husband and wife had sought. But this could not alter their essential incompatibility, nor her infidelities, nor his fury at the knowledge of her infidelities. War was inevitable.

The divorce was decreed less than two years after the adoption. It was all done very quietly, and by agreement the mother retained the custody of the child. Within three months after the final decree the child became desperately ill, recovering completely only after a long and expensive period of hospitalization and convalescence in the country. Now the old feeling of guilt, long repressed, that grew out of her escape from child-bearing, united with a new feeling of guilt because of her sexual infidelities, came to shake the woman's security. Her child's illness could only be retribution. Fear of losing the child grew. She clung to it more closely than ever, inevitably carrying over to the six-year-old her own insecurity. She was "modern" enough to interpret for the youngster the facts of her adoption; but her modernism did not extend to any interpretation of the divorce. Instead, she resorted to false explanations and roused false hopes. Her own sense of guilt precluded any sane effort to rationalize the absence of the father in a way that would be intelligible and convincing to a bright child of six.

The child's insecurity became pathetic. The indulgence attendant on long illness, the over-solicitousness of a guilty, insecure mother, the deprivation of a father she had learned to love, and the knowledge that she does not belong truly even to her mother—all these factors have contributed to change a bright and charming little girl into a neurotic child, spoiled beyond toleration, cruel, wilful, cowardly, unpleasant, and unhappy. Had there been no divorce, would this child be suffering as she is now? Who can tell? Again, this much is certain: Circumstances similar to the foregoing in families that have sternly avoided the divorce courts have again and again resulted in neurotic children, equally spoiled, equally unpleasant, equally insecure.

III

An intelligent, educated husband and wife, parents of three children—a boy of eighteen, a boy of sixteen, and a girl of twelve—are divorced. Even prior to the divorce the children were familiar with the parental differences. Both boys have definitely cast their lot with their father and feel a strong antagonism to the mother because she was the prime mover in the final decision to obtain a divorce. She is too "decent" to inform her intelligent young grown-up sons of her reasons (which are statutory), and they are allowed to believe that the mother's story of "incompatibility" is her only motive. Where the daughter's loyalty would lie had circumstances not been as they were, it is difficult to conjecture. The facts, however, are these: During the period when the two homes were being established, the girl was sick. There was no question that the mother should attend the child through her illness. The boys and the father moved to a new home. When the daughter recovered the mother realized, through the defection of her two sons, that she would be obliged to do battle to hold her daughter's affection against the assaults of her husband. Because of the long period of nursing that had been demanded of her, she claimed the right to see all three children at regular intervals. She would undoubtedly have won her "rights" in any court, but knowing the temper of her sons, and having no desire to awaken in them further antagonism, her only court was her husband's conscience. His decision was in her favor only in so far as the girl was concerned.

Then followed the daughter's travels back and forth, from father to mother, from uncertainty to uncertainty, from insecurity to insecurity. The mother has taken the girl into her confidence, from which she excluded her sons, though they were certainly better prepared for it than their twelve-year-old sister. The daughter's affections are slowly but surely turning in the direction of her mother. The five-and-ten-cent-store trinkets, the cheap millinery, and the movie treats bestowed on her by her "poor, dear mother" are given a value that in themselves they are far from possessing. Her sojourns in her father's home are replete with criticisms of mother and sallies at the cheapness of her new finery. Her father's gifts are intended to be, and are, a little more impressive than those her mother makes. Such a technique, however unethical, might easily have the desired effect were it not accompanied by the teasing, provocative, hypercritical, and unfriendly belittlement of her mother's gifts. After all, it was mother who nursed her during her long illness. The result is not only a gradual drawing away from father, but from her brothers as well because of their callow hostility toward her mother, to whose defense they unwittingly arouse her own constantly progressive partisanship. One be-

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holds here the spectacle of a house already divided against itself becoming even more divided; a father and his sons left womanless; a mother and her daughter left manless; and all because of the incredibly unenlightened selfishness of two otherwise intelligent adults.

IV

The parents of Arthur, aged three, separated. Their arrangement, despite the bitterness that necessitated it, was an intelligent one. For the first year the mother was to devote herself to the child, and the father to see him twice a week, once mid-week for an hour and once during the week-end for a whole day. Thereafter, if there were no reconciliation, divorce proceedings would follow.

The second year ended with the mutual hostility unabated. In fact it was enhanced on the mother's side to the point of her refusing even to discuss divorce. She thereafter found professional employment, but continued her intelligent care of the child through her own contacts with him and through the employment of a thoroughly trained governess whom she carefully supervised.

Her reentry into the world of affairs did much to bring her serenity and mitigate her deep bitterness toward her husband. Divorce was discussed over many months, and at the end of the third year of separation mother and child went to Europe. The father arranged to join them later, and the divorce mill was set in motion. Arthur was then almost seven. As soon as they arrived in France the mother began to prepare the child for the final event. She had previously agreed with her husband that geography and business were to be used as the explanation to be given to Arthur in response to questions he might pose concerning his father's absence. But the mother realized that an untruth which is effectual for a child of three, four, or five might not serve for a child of seven. Besides, word from other, less considerate sources concerning the divorce and its implications might somehow filter through to him.

She watched carefully for opportunities, and some opportunities she went out of her way to create. She suggested his writing a letter to Freddie back in America. Arthur wasn't so keen on letter-writing, and besides he didn't care so much about Freddie anyhow. But he used to. Yes, but he didn't any longer. That was opportunity number one. It was used gently. Similar opportunities were not infrequent for one who was on the watch for them. Analogies in her own life, analogies of the moment were found, too—situations that had no apparent relationship with Arthur's father. And thus the ground was laid over many months for the boy's understanding of the possibility of the termination of friendship, of love, of affection.

Just prior to his father's arrival in Paris Arthur was brought face to face with a similar situation in his parents' lives, and therefore in his own life. His first reaction was violent and painful. Mother must not stop loving father. He would tell father when he came that he must go on loving mother. She was patient; she calmly worked out the whole situation with him in terms that he could understand. When his father arrived Arthur whispered to him after the first embraces: "Daddy, mother told me the secret."

Four and a half years have passed. The parents, though divorced, cooperate in the rearing of Arthur. Arthur at eleven is self-reliant, well-poised, beautifully adjusted, devoted to each of his parents, appreciative of their distant though now amicable relationship. He has in his life a sound security that he might never have had were his parents still together, a security that is absent from the lives of many children who live in quarrel-filled, planless, unhappy, but "unbroken" homes.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter's remarks in this column concerning old-school proofreaders in general and his friend George Schumm in particular have brought forth a letter of gentle protest from James M. Lynch of Syracuse. The Drifter prints it here in full, not only because it is interesting, but also because he considers it a perfect example of the best labor-saving device yet designed for columnists. Mr. Lynch's remarks and reminiscences with regard to the "comma-chasers of another day" run as follows:

> My knowledge of proofreading and proofreaders covers some forty-seven years as printer's apprentice and journeyman. I have also had opportunity for wide observation as an officer for many years of the typographical union. I can remember when proofreaders were capable of doing all of the things they are credited with; and almost without exception during the hand-set days they were journeymen printers of long experience. They were members of the typographical union, it is true, but were not at that time required to be. Union membership was with them a matter of pride and sentiment. Proofreading was not in high regard with employers even in those days of required ability, and the union took over jurisdiction so that for these highly qualified men and women there might be established conditions at least as good as those in the composing rooms.
>
> In the hand-set days and for some years after machinery was introduced into composing rooms, the printer and the operator were required to know how to set type and correct the errors that so often appeared in the copy coming from the editorial rooms. They had to know names of places no matter how remotely located; they had to have literary knowledge; above all, they had to be familiar with local names both as to initials and spelling, and with the business and social life of the community in which they worked. They were informed as to nations, their rulers, and their statesmen, and they had a store of knowledge gathered by reason of their trade that would astonish the sages of today. So the printer was able and was expected to correct error as he set type. If he missed—and being human he often did—then the proofreader finished the job. The result was as perfect a piece of work as could be expected from a production that had to take into consideration the element of time. . . .
>
> The conquering machine put an end to this nicety in the setting of type, and the great god Production took its place. Today the rule is quantity and not quality. If type will pass muster, that is all that is required—providing the workman sets enough of that kind of type. The newspapers that still require quality, and they may be counted on less than three fingers, stand out to the discriminating reader as oases in a great desert of sloppy and crude typography.
>
> And it is all so unnecessary. When it is required by a publisher, the printers of today, who manipulate keyboards instead of movable type, can still do creditable work, approximating that which the Drifter mourns as having

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passed. Yes, and the quantity would not be seriously diminished. But what may be expected under the rule of production and still more production, with errors seldom marked and as seldom corrected if the forms are gaping for the type? The printer knows this. He sets type accordingly. Most emphatically, it is not a question of unionism. Just as surely is it a question of speed and quantity.

I join with all the nice things the Drifter had to say about George Schumm and his kind. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, but in my time I have known many of his type, printers who were editors and could fill any position to which they might be called. These nice things might have been said about Schumm, however, without at the same time placing blame on the typographical union for a sin which it did not commit and which, equally with the Drifter, it deplores.

* * * * *

THE scourge of the machine, and of its twin offspring, speed and quantity, has fallen upon the printer as upon all artisans. To the man who works with his hands, that work is first of all his own. As such, it holds the possibility of satisfaction with the thing done that may be rare but is also deep. Pride in workmanship is inevitable. For the most part, the man who runs a machine literally has no hand in what he is doing. It is not surprising therefore if his attitude toward his job is that of a bystander; but it is none the less unfortunate, both for the workman and for the world at large. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Yes Indeed!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Although I have been a *Nation* reader intermittently for about fifteen years, I continue to have the same reaction to it. Your anemic nagging can only appeal to infantile intellectuals. Your malignant complacency does not hew a "sharp-shooting line." The only value in your paper is in what it may or might be. I would suggest that you place on your staff a few healthy people.

Are you going to publish this in your readers' column?

New York, March 1 ANNA R. BRUENN

National-Gallery Heroes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On a recent trip to Washington I paid a visit to the new National Gallery, which I had been anxious to see. It is a wonderfully imposing structure, as fine as anything I have seen in Europe. An attendant with an excellent Dublin brogue checked my umbrella and I proceeded to enjoy myself.

The lighting system, the great columns, the splendid floor, all appealed to me. Then I began to look at the exhibits: a bust of Mrs. Coolidge, one of Mrs. Longworth, one of Charles Curtis, the Vice-President—all these right at the entrance, followed by a bust of Sam Gompers, one of Abraham Cahan, editor of the (once upon a time) radical Jewish daily, and a big assortment of generals and miscellaneous heroes of the World War, including Foch, Wilson, Clemenceau, Smedley Butler, Pershing, and many others. The remainder of the first floor was taken up with an exhibit of exact duplicates of the homes of the rich of the District of Columbia and its environs, all nicely arranged and perfectly lighted.

By this time I was so exhausted that I could not make my way to the next floor. Reclaiming my umbrella, I made my way out into the slush and rain for a breath of fresh air—and a little mental relief.

Cincinnati, February 22 NICHOLAS KLEIN

Hard Times

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have discontinued my subscription to *The Nation* because this wonderful Coolidge-Hoover prosperity hasn't reached Maine yet. Times are not only hard, they are alarming. I haven't the money for a year's subscription or a month's even, and I won't have it right away.

The Nation expresses my own outlook upon world conditions and I'd like to subscribe, but I need $1,000 right now to put my farm on its feet and I haven't got 100 cents.

Thomaston, Maine, February 13 OTIS A. ROBINSON

Southern Chivalry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are many progressive women in Virginia who would appreciate your assistance in their seemingly endless struggle against the old order in the South.

As a youngster I was forever gazing at petitions posted in public places pleading for women's right to admittance to the sacred precincts of the State University of Virginia. On February 25 the House of Delegates at Richmond committed itself to the establishment of a college for women at some place in Virginia—not less than thirty miles from Charlottesville!

I recommend to *The Nation* a study of Southern chivalry in action.

Norfolk, Va., February 26 M. P. G. JAMISON

Let Artists Live

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When is an etching not an etching? If we are to believe what the signs in the windows of some of our colossal chain drug-stores tell us, one dollar entitles you not only to an etching but to the frame as well. With the drug-stores thus taking over the care of our aesthetic needs, the private art galleries may just as well shut up business. Artists will have to go without the herrings and crackers that have been their only sustenance.

The pictures labeled "etchings" are, of course, not real etchings but mechanically reproduced facsimiles of etchings, turned out in lots of hundreds of thousands. These reproductions actually cost the producer only a fraction of a cent apiece. A genuine etching is a hand-made proof, done directly from the artist's original plate. The artist's signature on the proof signifies that the proof was made by himself, or under his supervision. The artist may spend weeks to complete the drawing on the plate; the pulling of the proof, too, is a lengthy and skilful job; and the plate wears out after about 75 or 100 proofs have been made from it.

New York, January 30 CHARLES Z. OFFIN

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Back-Cover Hyperbole

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The back cover of *The Nation* for February 26 consists of a full-page advertisement promising that those who will do themselves the favor of purchasing Clement Wood's "The Outline of Man's Knowledge" will thereby equip themselves with the Whole Story of Philosophy, the Whole Story of Science [*sic!*], the Whole Story of Art, and the Whole Story of History. Nothing less, nothing more—and all for the miserly sum of $5.50.

The Nation is one of the outstanding periodicals that fight against misrepresentation in economic affairs no less than in public matters. You are in full agreement, are you not, with Messrs. Chase and Schling in their volume, "Your Money's Worth"? How is it then that *The Nation* can carry an advertisement so grossly hyperbolic in its claims?

Brooklyn, February 28 Jacob Chernik

Watch the R.O.T.C.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The attention and publicity now being given to the London naval conference are all to the good, but the stellar nature of this attraction should not blind us to what is happening at home. Navies are not the only stumbling blocks to peace. May we call your attention to the following:

1. Congress is granting an increase in the army budget. This increase includes the largest sum ever appropriated in this country for subsidizing military training in schools and colleges.

2. The navy rides the high seas and is a cause of fear and suspicion to our neighbors. Army officers are going into our own back yards to play with and teach our children. Let me quote from the official citizenship-training manual now in use (Section 152, headed Destructive Idealism): "An impractical and destructive idealism called internationalism is being propagated by certain foreign agitators and is being echoed and reechoed by many of the nation's 'intellectuals.'"

3. A national organization of "prominent military and civic leaders" has been formed—called the Reserve Officers' Training Corps Association—"to promote and foster the R.O.T.C. in educational institutions." Major General Amos A. Fries, of spider-web-chart fame, is the president, and Lieutenant Colonel Orville Johnson, former secretary of the Reserve Officers' Association, is the executive secretary. This group will have the active cooperation of the Reserve Officers' Association, which sends its monthly magazine free to all college students working for commissions. The R.O.A. last spring announced a gift of $30,000 to be devoted to the R.O.T.C. in schools and colleges. When you remember that there are approximately 115,000 commissioned officers in the Reserve and that most of them are leaders in civil life, you can realize the potential political power of this group for the military viewpoint.

The campaign against militarism must be supported with every resource of the peace-minded if we are to prevent the growth of a powerful military-minded force in our public schools, colleges, and universities. To support this campaign during 1930, the Committee on Militarism in Education needs the gifts of as many *Nation* readers as feel moved to contribute. Checks may be sent to the committee at 387 Bible House, Astor Place, New York.

New York, March 1 George A. Coe

The Reparations Referendum

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is highly regrettable that such a splendid and useful weekly as *The Nation* is apparently unable to secure any intelligent interpretation of events and of the general situation in Germany, or even any correct reporting of facts. A glaring proof of ignorant reporting is the article by A. H. Feller in the issue of December 4 concerning the reparations referendum.

Your readers are told that "the combined parties of the Right had polled 7,000,000 votes at the last election." They polled less than 6,290,000. Your readers are told that the Supreme Court decided that the action of Prussia forbidding state officials to inscribe their names for the referendum "was legal." The Supreme Court merely refused to issue an injunction, holding that to do so would be to prejudge the case—a rather striking comment, by the way, on German mentality. And the court has now held that the action of Prussia was a violation of the Weimar constitution.

Your readers are told that President von Hindenburg issued a statement denying that he was in favor of the initiative. They are not told that he issued another statement declaring his complete neutrality and amounting to a rebuke to the opponents of the referendum. That Mr. Feller, after reporting that the Prussian government forbade state officials to sign the demand for the referendum, could then venture to speak of "reactionary landlords" driving voters to the polls is hardly less than amazing. The number of state officials who were intimidated by the illegal action of the government—an action that was so obviously a crass violation of the constitution that it is difficult to understand how it could have been earnestly defended at the hearing before the Supreme Court—was far greater than the number of "reactionary landlords." That this was so has been shown by the fact that the vote cast for the Hugenberg bill in the referendum proper exceeded the number of petitioners for the referendum by 38 per cent. It would undoubtedly have been much higher but for the fact that the Socialists and Communists had watchers at the polls who recorded, often with the aid of the election officials, the names of all voters who appeared.

The referendum was an absurd and futile action. Its success would have been most damaging for Germany. But it is silly to attempt to minimize the strength of the elements that were behind it.

Berlin, December 25 S. Miles Bouton

The Real Issue

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: An editorial in the *Wall Street Journal* for February 26, headed The Utility Issue, states that this issue is "nonpartisan, but political"; that "the real issue is . . . between those who would keep government out of business and require the users of a service to pay for it, and those who yearn to give something away and conceal its cost in taxation."

Assuming that the government represents the whole people (which it is supposed to do) and that the users are the whole people (which they undoubtedly are) we might translate this "real issue" as follows: The real issue is between those who would keep a few individuals in possession of the public utilities and require the whole people to pay handsomely for their use, and those who yearn to see the whole people own the public utilities and use them at cost.

Atlantic Highlands, N. J., March 1 William Raoul

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Books, Films, Drama

Not Yet a Word

By EDWIN SEAVER

Not a word, not yet a word, a whisper
heard among the crisp dead leaves a tree
still clung to, or impact of feathered flake
on flake, snow filtering through quiet.

Already the idea stirs in the loam, the seeds
turn in their dawnsleep hearing or dreaming they hear
down dark unfolding corridors the first
song seeking the first bird's throat.

Under the loosened girdle of silence the curled
buds quiver, the lean sap mounting the eager limbs
gives ear to the muffled pulsebeat in the womb:
the whirr of dynamos, the rush of wings.

The Gods Damned

Treatise on the Gods. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS treatise will do much to restore the recently wavering reputation of its author. It easily stands among the best of his books, and seems to me likely, indeed, to survive longer than any of the others. It is vastly better, for example, than "Notes on Democracy," if only because there is more solid industry behind it. It is a work of genuine scholarship, admirably organized, and for the most part surprisingly sober in tone.

The volume is divided into five chapters or sections. The first discusses the nature and origin of religion. The single function of religion, Mr. Mencken believes, "is to give man access to the powers which seem to control his destiny," while "its single purpose is to induce those powers to be friendly to him." Hence arise the priests who claim to have special gifts in this direction; the hall-mark of a priest to this day is that "he has a god working for him." Religion is supported primarily by the emotion of fear: "Always, in time of bloodshed, pestilence, and poverty, there is what theologians call a great spiritual awakening. But when peace and plenty caress the land the priest has a hard time keeping his flock at prayer, and great numbers desert him altogether, as they desert his colleagues in cheer and comfort, the poet, the publican, and the political reformer." Mr. Mencken's verdict upon immortality is that it is only a sort of wish neurose: "It is grounded, not upon objective evidence, but upon a despairing, colicky feeling that this world we live in is hopeless, and that there must be another beyond to correct its intolerable injustices."

He passes next to the evolution of religion—its passage from primitive animism and unorganized polytheism to monotheism, or at least to a hierarchy presided over by one great deity, usually the sun-god. This section discusses also the growth of the priests as a class, and their constant reaching out for power, secular as well as spiritual, so that "the history of civilization is largely a history of the long effort to shake them off."

Section III is a highly fascinating discussion of the varieties of religion, with elaborate descriptions of comparative ritual, sacrifices, and theological notions—the origin of incense, rosaries, sacraments, and blood sacrifice, from its mildest forms up to those of the Aztecs who killed 70,000 victims at a stroke. We pass on to the habits and morals of various gods, and to the innumerable Hells, particularly the complicated tortures developed by the lush imaginations of the early Buddhists.

Then we are prepared to consider religion in its Christian form. Mr. Mencken here examines the origin and history first of the New Testament and then of the Old, and reveals as remarkable a knowledge of the higher Biblical criticism as he does of comparative religion. But it seems to me that his reasoning in this chapter wabbles considerably. He first accepts the New Testament as "an historical document of very tolerable authority." He then rejects the divinity of Jesus, and even the notion that Jesus ever claimed divinity. He rejects the Virgin Birth, the dogma of the Trinity—"a dogma of which Jesus Himself was as completely unaware as He was of the nine symphonies of Beethoven"—the star of Bethlehem, the coming of the Magi, the miracles, and so on. Finally, as a sort of compensation, and as a way of explaining the colossal importance that the life and death of Jesus later took on in the world, he accepts the Resurrection as probably factual, and seeks to account rationally for it by supposing that Jesus was mistakenly put in the sepulcher before He was truly dead, and that "He Himself, when he came to his senses in the sepulcher, believed He was coming back from death."

This last supposition strikes me as highly implausible. Mr. Mencken confronts the dilemma of all modernists who seek a naturalistic interpretation of the New Testament: they find themselves forced to reject a great deal, but their acceptances and rejections are, in the end, pretty arbitrary. They are merely guessing, and Mr. Mencken's guesses are no more weighty or definitive than those of scores of his predecessors.

The final chapter is devoted to the state of Christianity today. Here the author directs his fire against "the effort of certain alarmed and conciliatory scientists to prove that exact knowledge and theological dogma are not actually at odds." "The only real way," he holds, "to reconcile science and religion is to set up something that is not science and something that is not religion." The Millikans, Eddingtons, and their like "reconcile science and religion by the sorry device of admitting, however cautiously, that the latter is somehow superior to the former, and is thus entitled to all territories that remain unoccupied." Meanwhile the theologians, on their side, yield nothing. On the contrary, they boldly claim "that what no one knows is their special province, that ignorance is a superior kind of knowledge, that their most preposterous guess must hold good until it is disproved." Mr. Mencken, I need hardly add, waves all these claims aside contemptuously. He closes by describing the credo of the "truly civilized man": "If he has not proved positively that religion is not true, then he has certainly proved that it is not necessary."

As the reader may have guessed, there are no subtleties in the book, and few ideas that are brilliantly new; but it is full of a wide and curious learning, it is admirably put together, and its eloquence and pungency never flag. I have myself often engaged in pointing out what I believe to be Mr. Mencken's faults and limitations, but in recent criticism those limitations have been absurdly overstressed, and now that even sophomores are beginning to dismiss him in a lofty and condescending manner, and to flatter themselves that his chief function was merely to clear the way for their own august works to come, it is worth while to remind ourselves of his great gifts and his special contribution. He has been the most influential American critic of his generation, and this eminence has surely not been undeserved. He has set fire to more stuffed shirts and established the reputations of more men of solid talent than any of

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his contemporaries. There is no other living American writer who remotely approaches him in gusto and in Rabelaisian lustiness. When he has at his adversaries, when he pummels and mauls them, it is not through vindictiveness but through love of exercise. If there is one authentic and original prose style in America today, if there is one style whose every sentence bears the personal stamp of its maker, it is Mencken's. In contemporary English prose only Shaw's can equal it for energy. These are almost platitudes, but they bear repeating here. The man is worth, in brief, whole battalions of Irving Babbitts, and when the present epidemic of Humanism has run its course that fact, I make bold to believe, will be recognized once more.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Mind of Emily Dickinson

Emily Dickinson: The Human Background of Her Poetry. By Josephine Pollitt. Harper and Brothers. $4.

Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THE proprietary attitude of Mrs. Martha Dickinson Bianchi toward Emily Dickinson and her poems has been both objectionable and unwise. In particular, her reticence regarding Emily's lover and her careful drawing of attention to that reticence have been a little stupid. Even if Mrs. Bianchi could not realize that the poet belongs to the world and not to her family, she might have been shrewd enough to foresee that someone would come along and ferret out her treasured secret. Now that has happened. Josephine Pollitt, with not too much difficulty, has identified the "stranger preaching in Philadelphia" as the Rev. Charles Wadsworth. Can Mrs. Bianchi seriously believe that anyone is the worse off because the world knows?

But Miss Pollitt has gone farther. Mrs. Bianchi indicates that her own identification of Emily's lover is an inference; any authentic version of the affair died with Sister Sue, Mrs. Bianchi's mother. Miss Pollitt thinks the guess was a bad one. Emily, on that trip to Washington and Philadelphia, met not only the Rev. Mr. Wadsworth but also the husband of her girlhood friend, Helen Fiske, become Helen Hunt. Lieutenant Hunt was, Miss Pollitt avers, the tutor who "was not contented I be his scholar, so he left the land."

Miss Pollitt's first clue was an unpublished letter from Colonel Higginson to his wife written in 1870, after his visit to Emily. "Major Hunt," he wrote, "interested her more than any man she ever saw." Who, Miss Pollitt asked herself, was Major Hunt? She found what she could about him, and her investigation convinced her that he fitted the outline provided by family tradition far better than Dr. Wadsworth. The steps of this investigation there is not space to follow. She has, it is sufficient to say, gathered a mass of details which taken separately are open to question, but which taken together make a not unimpressive showing. As Miss Pollitt admits, she has probably failed to discover all the truth; but she has made a good beginning, and it will be surprising if her findings do not lead, in due season, to the revelation of the complete story.

In any case, the value of Miss Pollitt's book should not be regarded as resting solely on her detective work. Far more important is her study of the intellectual influences that touched the young poet. Mrs. Bianchi's "Life and Letters," first published in 1924 and now in its sixth printing, reflects for us the Dickinson family, the habits of the Amherst community, and the routine events of Emily's days. No one, however, can doubt that somehow Emily bathed in more sparkling waters than moved in the currents of Dickinson life. No discussion of "influences" will ever explain Emily Dickinson, but it is foolish to suppose that her intellectual and spiritual being was Melchizedekian.

The first person to stir Emily's mind was her tutor, Leonard Humphrey, and Miss Pollitt has sought with diligence and ingenuity to reconstruct that long-forgotten personality. Then came the trip southward and meetings with Dr. Wadsworth and Lieutenant Hunt. Miss Pollitt has exhumed and examined the writings of these men, and we see what each might have given to an eager pupil. Finally, and fortunately at a time when Emily's mind was too fully developed to be seriously damaged, came the friendship with Colonel Higginson. Here, if Miss Pollitt has done nothing else, she has made us understand how Emily could so deeply have admired that pallid Victorian.

Each devoted reader of Emily Dickinson's poems has his own conception of the mind in which those poems originated. Miss Pollitt offers no substitute for that conception, but she does provide for it a useful framework of fact. Her biography is not an altogether polished piece of work. The results of her ingenious research are not always held together in an organic fashion, and at times she introduces material the relevance of which is not apparent. Her style is sometimes rough; for one thing her use of colloquialisms is questionable, and she speaks of "Reverend Dwight," and, God forgive her, "the Reverend Parsons, Jr."

There is one thing Miss Pollitt has not done that I hope someone will sometime take occasion to do: she has not paid special tribute to Lavinia Dickinson. In the subtitle of "Further Poems"—"Withheld from Publication by Her Sister Lavinia"—Lavinia appears in the role of villain. In Mrs. Bianchi's biography she not only plays Martha to Emily's Mary, but is also subordinated to the ubiquitous Sister Sue. In Miss Pollitt's book her presence is but vaguely felt. And yet, as Mrs. Todd's recent article in *Harper's* makes clear, we owe our possession of Emily's poems more to Lavinia than to any other single person. She insisted on publication, she enlisted Mrs. Todd's assistance, she overcame Colonel Higginson's hesitation, and she was right in every dispute with that immaculate *arbiter litterarum*. Even if blind loyalty was the moving force one would admire her, but I suspect that Lavinia was not wholly unconscious of the importance of what she was doing.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Six More War Novels

Retreat: A Novel of 1918. By C. R. Benstead. The Century Company. $2.50.

Gray Dawn—Red Night. By James Lansdale Hodson. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Loretto: Sketches of a German War Volunteer. By Max Heinz. Horace Liveright. $2.50.

Ten Thousand Shall Fall. By David King. Duffield and Company. $2.50.

Return of the Brute. By Liam O'Flaherty. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Down in Flames. By Ben Ray Redman. Brewer and Warren. $2.

BY this time it is perhaps only right that we should expect a little less war and a little more novel among the ingredients that make up our war novels. At any rate, that is what we are beginning to get; we find here two war novels in which the war experience itself is secondary. "Retreat" by C. R. Benstead and "Grey Dawn—Red Night" by James Lansdale Hodson are both English books and belong more or less in the regular tradition of the English novel. In the first the war provides a continuous and often obtrusive background

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for a psychological drama; in the second it enters only as a part of the chief character's life story.

In "Retreat" we find a realistic picture of one of Professor Irving Babbitt's "Rousseauist" types—in this case, a coward who sees himself as a potential savior of the world, a simon-pure example of a fanatical religious reformer. He is an Anglican priest who goes to the front with perfect confidence that he can save the entire British army, and perhaps win the war in the bargain. When he finds not only that he cannot save the army, but that he cannot save himself and is considered perfectly useless, the result is considerable pain, ending in madness.

Psychologically the story stands foursquare; it is written with a fine penetration, an emotional honesty, and an insight that are most unusual. It is marred by the inclusion of too many war scenes, but the main story is hard and clear. It is free of any compromise with ordinary conceptions of religion or of the priest; in short, it is an exceptionally good, readable English novel.

If in "Retreat" we have Professor Babbitt's "Rousseauist" treated realistically, in "Gray Dawn—Red Night" we have a "Rousseauist's" picture of himself in action. This is the story of a journalist's life, love, and death—a life in which circumstances just shape themselves so that he begins to "write," a love which is at once speechless and dispassionate, and a death which is quite without significance further than the fact that it is purely accidental. The story is remarkable in that Hardcastle never knows why he volunteered, in that he thinks of Stella in terms of clothes rather than of character or personality or sex, and in that, when he says goodby to her, he feels —as always—that "this was the greatest, the most dramatic moment in his career, and it was slipping past him." A great deal slips past Hardcastle, so that the novel makes not easy but positively fluent reading.

Next we have two war books which are not war novels in any sense, but simply war records—"Loretto" by Max Heinz and "Ten Thousand Shall Fall" by David King (the latter was originally published as "L. M. 8046," of which this is a reissue). Of the German book, the impression that remains with me, as in the case of Jünger's "Storm of Steel," is one of a great deal of violence and bloodshed described very vividly for no apparent reason. A purpose, indeed, is indicated—on the last page the author is threatened by a mob of revolutionaries and remarks: "So this is the gratitude of my native country." But that seems scarcely enough to justify 316 pages of closely packed horrors, particularly when the author is a graduate of several universities and a frightful snob in the bargain.

David King's book, on the other hand, remains one of the most readable factual accounts we have had of war experiences. A purely personal record, written by a Harvard boy in the Foreign Legion (a friend, incidentally, of Alan Seeger), it is vivid, racy, quite sufficiently realistic in its "action scenes," and full of sometimes bitter humor. It is evidently the work of a "natural" writer, or at least of one without any special literary aims or pretensions; but like Cummings's "The Enormous Room," which it distantly resembles, it makes good use of American slang, which we miss in English books and translations.

The first two books on our list were war books that tended at least in part to become pure fiction; the last two are books of fiction that use the war, somewhat incidentally, for locale and material. O'Flaherty's "Return of the Brute" is half a turgid psychoanalytical probing into the instincts and images released by war, half a brilliant account of the psychological factors that lead to nine men's annihilation. The genius of the writer is nowhere more evident than in this story of growing madness and death, but it is a capricious genius, at home only in the dark caves of passion, and the result is here, as in much of O'Flaherty's work, decidedly uneven.

Most of the stories in Ben Ray Redman's "Down in Flames" can be classed immediately with those printed in our popular magazines. The fact that they concern aviators and aviation gives them a journalistic value. A quick start, a sudden twist, a surprise ending—they follow all the tried-and-true regulations of handbooks in composition. "Aftermath" has real irony, and "The Sausage" a relentless line. It is undeniable that the descriptions of flights and fights in the air are extremely graphic and exciting.

CLINTON SIMPSON

Christian Science Examined

Our New Religion: An Examination of Christian Science. By H. A. L. Fisher. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

CHRISTIAN Science, like Ibsen's Boyg, can always escape mere sword thrusts, for the reason that it is so uncontained, so shifting and shifty, so unconfined where it should be limited, and yet quite precise in matters which can be intelligibly discussed only in terms of intuition. All of this is of course explained by the philosophy on which this religion is formed. For it must always be remembered that the basis of Christian Science is the denial of the usual standards of truth. For the average man truth must be arrived at by a comparison of the idea with objective reality. Christian Science, denying objective reality, wipes away all standards by which truth may be ascertained. Truth becomes, for each individual, a matter of wish fulfilment.

This explains, of course, a great deal about Mrs. Eddy and her church members alike. Their words are never to be taken as meaning what the same words would mean in your mouth or mine. Hence, few persons of scholarship have had the courage to penetrate into the voids of Christian Science to discover what really lies there. The explorer will be overwhelmed by the great Boyg, which, if he gets out again into the open, will follow him in the form of penumbrous tentacles which take the shape of publication committees seeking constantly to enmesh and smother him.

That Mark Twain survived the experience in his "Christian Science" may be explained by the fact that his sharp sword thrusts were in the end so ineffective. He was not a scholar; his was not a particularly analytical mind; he never became really entangled because he hardly penetrated. That no scholar of real eminence has previously ever undertaken the combat may be explained by the general conviction among informed people that Christian Science is so unimportant as a movement that there is no reward adequate to compensate for the slime one must always be overwhelmed by in any real exploration into its depths.

A glimmering of understanding on such matters is needed properly to estimate the value of H. A. L. Fisher's critical treatise, "Our New Religion," which is the first attempt by a scholar of note to appraise this American phenomenon. Dr. Fisher, who is warden of New College, Oxford, and president of the British Academy, is hardly to be blamed if some of the Boyg escapes in his attempts to nail it down; his achievement lies primarily in the fact that he has risked his scholarly standing to dare. If his book, which was published last year in England and was recently also reprinted as a serial in the London *Daily Dispatch,* manages to attain a general circulation in this country, the achievement will be particularly gratifying. It will not only be a sure sign that the Messrs. Scribner have managed to chop off a good many of the tentacles weaving out from Boston, so that future explorers can have a freer path; it will also act as encouragement to other minds trained for such a survey to join in the task.

To simplify his work Dr. Fisher divides his subject into

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three parts—The Prophetess, The Creed, The Church. To the prophetess he grants no more than have her other informed biographers; for him she remains a neurotic, sentimental, inhibited woman with a driving ego, who succeeded in extending her sphere of personal influence beyond her immediate family largely because of the current mood of the American people themselves. Typically English in his viewpoint, Dr. Fisher is always inclined to explain Christian Science by national ignorance in a land where "no belief is too wild, too crude, or too fantastic to prevent its acceptance by some section or other of the vast, miscellaneous, and mobile population." For him Mrs. Eddy succeeded, despite the fact that she was "entirely unchastened by converse with the intellectual world," largely because:

> In the leadership of a religious movement sentiment counts for much, and Mary Baker's commonplace but genuine vein of gushing sentiment about the ocean and the sunset and the cuckoo was of the exact quality to commend her message to that simple audience. . . .

The gullibility of the audience, its suggestibility, and the fact that Mrs. Eddy's limitations before this audience became real virtues, for him explain the woman's rise to eminence.

For her creed he displays small sympathy. "A theory of the universe which ignores the greater part of the universe is no theory at all. Had Mrs. Eddy contented herself with saying that spiritual life is the ultimate basis of reality, or that all happenings are to the percipient facts of consciousness, she would have stood within the grounds of philosophical sanity; but she went much further." Of "Science and Health" Dr. Fisher declares that "the true nature of the problem of knowledge is not even dimly apprehended." Denying it any single literary virtue, he can accord it only "the tribute which belongs to sheer bulk." "Even by the standards of her own country . . . Mrs. Eddy is generally adjudged to have had a very imperfect command of the English language."

That despite such extraordinary limitations the book brought Mrs. Eddy to fame and fortune, once she established a church to act as its advertising and selling agent, Dr. Fisher considers quite understandable in view of the limitations of the average human mind, and, specifically, of the American mind. He says:

> We are at once prepared to concede the authenticity of a certain proportion of the healings ascribed to the operation of Christian Science. . . . The patient who has paid three dollars for a talisman is predisposed to think he has got value for his purchase. In many cases the talisman will work for no other reason than that it is expected to work. . . . *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* "After reading Mrs. Eddy I am cured, therefore Mrs. Eddy has cured me."

In the end, Dr. Fisher sees a grain of real truth in that part of the doctrine which Mrs. Eddy took over from Quimby, once it is stripped of her errant philosophy and ignorances. "The doctrine of mind-cure, so far from being peculiar to Mrs. Eddy, has always, and in every generation, entered as an element into the wisdom of the wise."

For the church which promotes this creed the author has few kind words. He sees its appeal as being made primarily to neurotics; its audience largely emotionally unstable women, that "vast tribe of female neurasthenics, nowhere so numerous as in the United States." Yet he does not doubt that it will continue to add recruits to that "half illiterate population who constitute the rank and file of the Christian Science church," if only because of the phenomenal material power the church has amassed.

The Christian Science corporation is as little likely to founder as the Standard Oil trust. "It commands vast material resources; it directs influential newspapers . . . has patented a cure for all ills, and advertises its patent by a continuous exhibition of miracles. No corporation, no trust, no Church has gone down into the common mind with wares more attractive or more profusely commended."

Dr. Fisher regards tolerance of the Boston church as a virtue only so long as the organization is an impotent force. Let this church once attain the power of numbers that could be translated into political effect, and the American republic "would in a very short time be a vast cemetery." Without health laws or even drainage systems, impossible if Mrs. Eddy's pronunciamentos were enforced literally; without even the material aspects of civilization such as houses to protect us from cold, the nation would soon founder. Admitting that "a religion can rarely afford to practice all that it preaches," Dr. Fisher would nevertheless hold Christian Science in strict check, and is not in sympathy with its recent success in having certain laws in various States modified to suit its liking. Thus:

> If Christian Scientists are enabled to sustain existence today, it is because they are members of a society which is regulated by principles the opposite of their own. The Christian Scientist, like the inmate of the lunatic asylum, is a social parasite. He can only exist as one of a community which thinks otherwise than he.

If this book can survive to win an American group of readers, this circumstance alone should indicate that the influence and power of the organization, so long successful in preventing adverse criticism, is on the wane, and should be one of the best indications that Dr. Fisher's pessimism is not wholly warranted.

EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN

Old Man Victory

Clemenceau. By Jean Martet. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

CLEMENCEAU was a man of hates, and this is a book of the bitter snarlings of a disappointed old man. Clemenceau never forgave France for having refused to elect him president; he never forgave Briand and Poincaré and Millerand for modifying the treaty which he had signed. France, having deserted him, was "like a kind of sponge. You squeeze it and muddy water runs out."

Jean Martet was Clemenceau's secretary during and after the war and saw him frequently to the end. He was one of the two men to whom Clemenceau confided his precious papers, including a bitter retort to Foch. And for the last year of their conversations (1927-28) Martet kept careful records of Clemenceau's monologues, debates, and diatribes, and sometimes questioned him to bring out the stories of his lifetime of battles. This book is the product of those records. It contributes little that is new to history, but it gives an intensely vivid picture of the lonely old man. It *is* Clemenceau, and whatever Clemenceau was, he was seldom dull.

"Jaurès," Clemenceau said to Martet one day, "had none of the qualities which bestow the true love of humanity on a man—neither the smile, nor the tolerance, nor self-doubt, nor skepticism—nothing." By his own tests Clemenceau ranked low. A smile he had, but it was a wry smile and bitter; not, except when he was thinking of his beloved Greece, or of Claude Monet's painting, a friendly smile. Tolerance he never had; nor self-doubt. "I was very wrong to be eighty years old in 1920," he told Martet. "If I had been twenty years younger they would have thought twice before going on in that way." "They" were Millerand and Briand, who had consented to modifications of his precious, and ferocious, treaty. Another time he was as sure that if he had been the head of the government instead of Poincaré the cost of living would never have

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gone up. He would have stopped it by taking out a few profiteers and shooting them! Skepticism he did have—skepticism of everybody and everything but himself; but skepticism alone does not make a lover of humanity.

Skepticism, indeed, except for his war-time fanatic faith in France, was the outstanding characteristic of this man who gloried in being called the Tiger. He had no faith in God or man, and could make bitter jests of both. If he had faith in anything in those bitter days after his France had refused to elect him president, it was in the eternal bellicosity of the Germans. That roused him to his bitterest irony. It was in 1927 that he grumbled:

> M. Briand believes in peace, so that's all right. . . . Mark well what I'm telling you: in six months, a year, five years, ten years, when they like, as they like, the Boches will invade us. I don't know if you recently saw in the *Journal* that extraordinary picture—it represented all the ministers in the park at Rambouillet, at a meeting of the Cabinet, frolicking with a swan. That picture reassured me. We are well defended.

He wanted to go on fighting the war forever.

Though there is much of the story of Clemenceau's equivocal role in the Commune in this book, there is singularly little of his part in the Dreyfus Affair. There is a great deal about his controversies with Foch and Poincaré, little of his difficulties with Woodrow Wilson. Perhaps Clemenceau, in those last years, forgot all but his wars with the Germans, and with a few Frenchmen.

Martet is utterly guiltless of criticism of his chief. He is no Brousson, biting the hand that he had licked. But in his uncritical adoration, setting down all, or almost all, that the old man said, he builds up through haphazard conversations a full-contoured, flesh-and-blood portrait of one of the strangest and most savage, and most powerful, animals of our day.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Fascism as a Religion

Making Fascists. By Herbert W. Schneider and Shepard B. Clough. University of Chicago Press. $3.

MR. SCHNEIDER, who in "Making the Fascist State" wrote the best book yet published on the development of Fascist ideas and purposes, here writes, with Mr. Clough, the best handbook of the apparatus by which the regime is attempting to mold all Italians into obedient servants. Not of the entire vast apparatus which Mussolini has constructed—for it mentions only incidentally the Fascist regimentation of finance, industry, and trade—but of the educational organs which the present government has taken over or created to serve its purpose. After diagraming succinctly the various group cleavages—economic, regional, racial, and religious—which Fascism is attempting to iron out, the authors outline the multifarious instruments by which it is injecting its doctrine of disciplined nationalism into the schools, the army, the civil service, the press, and, most important of all, its own party organization. With keen insight they point out that Fascism is busy erecting itself into a religion, with a good deal of Roman paganism in its inspiration, which may become a not inconsiderable counterpoise to the new temporal power of the Roman church.

The system here described with academic precision, although by no means without humor, strikes one as astonishingly similar in outline to that of the Bolsheviks in Russia, after which it was unquestionably imitated. With this fundamental difference, however: whereas the Bolsheviks insist on their discipline for the unification of the world of labor, the Fascists insist on theirs for the conquering of other nations. Both systems of political education are at the moment conspicuously successful, and equally regardless of individual rights. The one, however, commits its atrocities in the name of ultimate peace, the other in the name of ultimate war.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

Books in Brief

Closing Hour. By Norah Hoult. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

Norah Hoult, whose volume of short stories, "Poor Women," was so favorably received in England last year, has now written a very fine first novel. It is the study of a drunkard, a man of the professional class, and his family, beginning at the point where the family fortunes have practically touched bottom. The clients are gone; the proud, stiff, cold, little English wife is at her wits' end; the puzzled and pathetic children wonder what it is all about; and the once rollicking goodfellow of an Irish husband and father, now far gone in dipsomania, spends most of his few and meager little fees on drinks, cadging for them when his pockets are empty. There is neither beginning nor end to this brilliantly worked-out study. It gets nowhere. But it is very much worth while for the powerful illumination which it throws on the mediocre souls of its characters, as well as for the keen observation which supports its extraordinary descriptions.

The Missing Masterpiece. By Hilaire Belloc. With Forty-one Drawings by G. K. Chesterton. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

The mystery story is only a peg on which Mr. Belloc hangs certain opinions and ideas, but this happens to be a rather good mystery story in itself—an essential element for first-rate satire. Mr. Belloc's satire, however, is not very subtle; indeed, it is extremely broad, not to say ill-tempered. Modern art and artists, art dealers and art experts, the new plutocratic aristocracy in England and America, lawyers and judges and juries, journalism and great journalistic combines, big business generally—all come in for a sound belaboring done with considerable wit but more spleen. Mr. Chesterton, who does this sort of thing even more successfully, has reproduced nearly all of the many characters in drawings which, though quite undistinguished, faithfully reflect the spirit of the book.

His Own People. By Leon W. Rogers. Laidlaw Brothers. $2.

Everyone is said to have one novel in him, the implication being that that one is autobiographical. Mr. Rogers has written his. Paul Wesley Polk is the oldest son of a Methodist preacher in Texas. His father has dedicated him to the Lord's service, but Paul, after a struggle, chooses to become a lawyer, though he loves and reveres his father. The feelings of a normal boy who suffers under the affliction of being a minister's son and the hard life of a circuit rider and his family, saddled with poverty and constantly on the move, are described with a crude effectiveness that makes this story better worth reading than many more carefully written ones.

Alexander Pope as Critic and Humanist. By Austin Warren. Princeton University Press. $3.

Mr. Warren has done Pope the great service of demonstrating that in his critical theories, his literary attitude, and his whole method of thought he was far more liberal, humane, and wise than several recent generations have given him credit for being. The "Essay on Criticism," the scattered remarks on the art of poetry, the notes to the "Homer," as well as to the "Shakespeare," the "Dunciad," and the evidences of Pope's read-

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ing both in foreign and in native authors are examined with intelligent care with a view to arriving at an understanding of this much-maligned genius; and the result is worthy of the effort. Pope is usually put down as desiccated, authority-ridden, and mean. He emerges here as an original critic who added to the best counsel he could find among his predecessors in Greece, Rome, France, and England much that was valuable from his own distinguished store of common sense. It now remains for someone to demonstrate in the same manner that Pope's poetry, even more than his prose, was broad and sound as well as sharp and fine. The more enlightened modern critics have been suggesting it; someone yet will say it fully and movingly.

Adventurous America: A Study of Contemporary Life and Thought. By Edwin Mims. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

In this book Professor Mims has set himself the worthy task of counteracting the views of those who despair for America. Among the phenomena which inspire him with hope are Gutzon Borglum's Colossi, the orientation courses for freshmen at Columbia, the election of Robert M. Hutchins as president of the University of Chicago, the directorship of Owen Young in Phi Beta Kappa, the enlightenment of the late Judge Gary, "Julius Rosenwald's success in establishing the mail-order business upon a sounder financial basis," the Anglo-Catholicism of Chauncey B. Tinker, the addition of William McDougall to the faculty of Duke University, the large attendance at the concerts of the Nashville Symphony Orchestra, "the prophetic words of Dr. Fosdick and Dr. Cadman," and the formulation by Robert A. Millikan of "a statement that has done more to clarify the long dispute between religion and science than any other utterance of the day."

The Best Poems of 1929. Edited by Thomas Moult. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Moult's annual selection of poems from American and English magazines has for several years been one of the best résumés of published poetry. Again this year the editor has given more room to American poets and thereby indicated the fact that today American poetry is, on the whole, more interesting than English poetry. But the 1929 volume is less impressive than earlier volumes: America is too copiously represented by the late and less worthy work of such poets as Frost, Masters, and Lindsay, and too little represented by moderns; England, too, is unfairly represented by pallid poems from Noyes, Wolfe, Blunden, and others. There is no single poem in the entire book so important as was Hart Crane's Brooklyn Bridge, published last year in the same anthology. Such a selection for 1929 would seem to indicate a slackening in poetic ability, but it must be remembered that Mr. Moult begins where the stupidity of magazine editors in general leaves off.

I Was Sent to Athens. By Henry Morgenthau in Collaboration with French Strother. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $4.

Mr. Morgenthau, unlike Julius Caesar, loves to place emphasis on the "ego" of his exploits, this time as chairman of the League of Nations Commission which aided in the settlement in Greece of the million and a quarter refugees from Asia Minor. He continually thrills with his own important role and the contacts it afforded him with important personages on the European stage. The second part of the book, probably the work of his collaborator, gives a very much more modest and more interesting account of how this epic of refugee colonization was actually carried out. One wishes that this portion of the book had been considerably expanded at the expense of the rather verbose and often prattly section fathered by Mr. Morgenthau.

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Films

Color

IT has been frequently maintained that the screen has no need of color, in fact, that the use of color in the motion picture is a step backward from the goal of artistic perfection. On the other hand, in the whole range of problems which have occupied the minds of the film producers during the past twenty years, none has aroused greater interest or has been pursued with greater deliberation than the problem of color. Today the technical goal has been practically reached. Color has been captured for the screen. It is true that the hues reproduced are not always faithful to nature and, what is even more important, are not always pleasant to the eye. But even with these shortcomings, the technicolor, the process that has been the most successful in the field, may be said to have solved the problem within a measurable distance of the ideal. There remains the question: Do we need color in the movies? Does it add anything to their powers of artistic expression? The answer may be profitably sought in some of the recent color pictures, of which "The Vagabond King" (Criterion) and "Song of the West" (Warner Brothers) are the latest on Broadway.

The evidence in this matter supplied by "Song of the West" can be easily disposed of, since it merely demonstrates the fact that bad color does not improve an otherwise bad picture. Indeed, it is very doubtful if any color, no matter how good, could have saved this insipid and poorly acted operetta, which manages to squeeze a modern revue chorus into a story of the days of "the covered wagon." As it is, smudgy color, glaring lights, and feeble composition, relieved only by one or two rather delicate close-ups, contribute neither to the illusion of real life nor to the enhancement of the dramatic or the decorative effect.

To pass from "Song of the West" to "The Vagabond King" is to realize the enormous possibilities which are latent in the use of color. Even if we concede considerable merit to the story, dialogue, and acting in "The Vagabond King" (in spite of the incongruity of the conventions which it borrows from the stage), it is its color that makes this picture so different from others and so vibrant with dramatic sentiment and pictorial loveliness. The romantic fantasy of François Villon's seven-day adventure as the king of France called for an emotional atmosphere that would combine purity and lust, serenity and frenzy. In the picture this is suggested mostly by the play of color. Not only is the quality of color in many single scenes most appealing to the eye, but it also succeeds in charging some of the scenes with a greatly enhanced dramatic significance. The naive enthusiasts who have been denouncing color in favor of black and white as the only "art" form of the movies must be either color-blind or simply ignorant of the art quality that distinguishes one visual sensation from another. There can be no question that color is one of the most important means of cinematic expression. The irony of the situation is that it is derided by those who profess to be concerned with the art of the cinema, while it is brought into practical use and developed by those to whom "art," like hypocrisy, is only a tribute which vice pays to virtue.

So much of the Hollywood output is banal and trivial that any picture showing serious interest in human life is assured of attracting general attention. "Men Without Women," a Fox picture shown at the Roxy and the Film Guild, reveals this commendable concern with real life and does so in a series of tensely dramatic and largely convincing scenes. A picture decidedly worth seeing.

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Drama

The Impenitent Shaw

A FEW years ago critics were commenting with glee upon the conversion of Bernard Shaw. His "Saint Joan" not only moved forward in a fashion more conventionally theatrical than it was his wont to permit, but for once the feeling was so much more important than the thought that the play was hailed as the first work in a new manner, and England's oldest bad boy was said to have seen the error of his dramaturgical ways. Once more, however, the critics have been confounded, for "The Apple Cart" (Martin Beck Theater) reveals only an impenitent Shaw, who is writing as he always wrote, and who has learned nothing except how to be more unreservedly himself. Many will maintain that for such an argumentative and actionless play there is no possible justification, but I must confess that it held me delighted to the end, and if I were pressed to explain the fact I should probably insist that I was charmed by something which must be pure art of some kind, for I applauded, not anything which was said, but the suppleness and dexterity of the man who said it.

The scene, as everyone knows by now, is England some fifty years hence, and the theme is the place of the king in a society by that time completely dominated by the Labor Party. Farce occasionally interrupts the argument, and satiric shafts directed at a diversity of objects fly in all directions. Thus, for example, the members of the Cabinet are still British enough to grow sentimental and to show a disposition to sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" when they think that they have the King beaten. Thus, also, the American Ambassador (who comes to announce that the United States is applying for admission into the British Empire) talks distressingly like General Dawes, and claims to be really English in feeling because he was brought up in the shadow of Ely Cathedral—"which, as you will remember, was taken down stone by stone in 1940 and reerected in New Jersey." But despite all this diverting by-play, and despite a highly characteristic interlude in which the King comes to refresh himself with the company of a purely platonic mistress, the play sticks closely to its theme, and reaches its intellectual climax with the scene in which the monarch, the last representative of irresponsible power, sits surrounded by the elected representatives of the people and explains to the assembled republicans why he should not be abolished.

They have (and it is well) won their victory over the selfishness of his ancestors and the power is in their hands; but now that the battle is won it would be wise to look at the other side before the enemy is annihilated, for there are moments when only an irresponsible power can dare to act or to do the things which they themselves would have done. They are the slaves of a public which cannot have their knowledge. They must do only what that public in its ignorance and its instability would have them do. But they are lucky to have in him one who not only wills good but can do it without having to justify himself to others less intelligent or less well meaning. I am, he says, the last person alive who can speak for both the past and the future against the present, the last remaining representative of "the evolutionary appetite against the gluttony of the moment." They, republicans that they are, must be officially his enemies. To denounce him is, of course, a necessary part of the technique by which their position is maintained. But in their hearts they must know that they need him, if only to protect themselves against that public whose creatures they are.

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Write, phone or call for further detail.

This speech, marked as it is by a touch of Shavian mysticism, is far from simple. Considered merely as an argument for monarchy it obviously begs the question quite shamelessly, for the simple reason that it assumes that the person who happens to be king will be born with all those excellent qualities of both head and heart which are as rare in royal families as anywhere else; and the whole argument is answered if one substitutes the real George the Fifth for the King Magnus of the play. But Shaw has never given a simple argument for anything whatever, and if he believes now in kings it is only because he cannot believe as unreservedly as he would like in the democracy which he sees triumphing. Under the same circumstances another temperament would be content with skepticism, but Shaw is emotionally a man of faith—and he cannot doubt democracy without seeking to escape from the dilemma of that doubt through the aid of a mystical faith that "the evolutionary appetite" must of necessity find itself somewhere embodied; even though he can find for this representative of the something which transcends mere individual humanity no symbol less shabby than that of royal authority.

"The Apple Cart" is a remarkable play if judged only as a part of contemporary literature, but if the time ever comes when the wit and satire of Shaw's plays are no longer enough by themselves to justify their claim upon the attention of an audience, then I suspect that this play will be found wanting along with the rest, and that its defect will be the same as the defect of the others. In each there comes a moment when the author must transcend in a mystical flight the logic which he has seemed to follow; a moment when, as in the scene described above, a vision and a faith are necessary to supply a link that is not there in the chain of reason; but the enraptured eloquence which would enable him to leave common sense behind never quite breaks free. The thing which he wants most to say is something which no prose, not even his, can communicate, and thus there is always one point in every play where he fails of complete success simply because he is not a poet.

The whole cast of "The Apple Cart" is excellent, and Philip Moeller has given another of those well-nigh perfect productions which we have come to expect after his long experience with Shaw. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Contributors to This Issue

WORTMAN is well known for his drawings, "Metropolitan Movies," which appear daily in the New York *World*.

LOUIS FISCHER, Moscow correspondent of *The Nation*, will soon publish "The Soviet in World Affairs."

THE AUTHOR of "The Insecurity of the Child" is one of a group of professional consultants in the behavior problems of children.

EDWIN SEAVER is the author of "The Company."

GRANVILLE HICKS is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

CLINTON SIMPSON writes reviews for various magazines and periodicals.

EDWIN FRANDEN DAKIN is the author of "Mrs. Eddy: The Biography of a Virginal Mind."

LEWIS S. GANNETT is a contributing editor of *The Nation*.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL served for five years as a newspaper correspondent in Italy.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY writes on motion pictures for *The Nation*.

HELENA HILL WEED is special representative of *The Nation* in Haiti.

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Fresh Hope for Haiti

By HELENA HILL WEED

Port au Prince, March 10

(*By Cable to* THE NATION)

AN agreement has been made between the Hoover Commission, the Opposition—represented by Seymour Pradel, head of the League for Constitutional Action; Antoine Régal, president of the Union Patriotique and federated societies; Justin Sam, president of the League of Youth; Pierre Hudicourt, international lawyer; and Georges Léger, Haitian advocate before the commission—and the supporters and followers of Borno that these societies shall send delegates immediately to a convention in the capital to select a neutral candidate for provisional president, this candidate to be agreed upon by the three groups. The Council of State has agreed to elect this person, knowing that any other candidate will not be recognized by the United States. The provisional president will immediately call for a popular election in the method prescribed by the constitution. The chambers will then resign so that the new assembly can elect a president. The United States is a party to this agreement, since President Hoover has already wired his approval, which the Opposition is free to use politically. The following are the possibilities under this agreement: The new president will dissolve the Council of State. A regular minister will replace General Russell. A new treaty will be negotiated with the constitutional government.

The work of the commission has been superlative. The commissioners themselves have been earnest, intelligent, thorough, unbiased, fearless, determined. By their tact and sympathy they have won the confidence and cooperation of the Opposition. Mr. White is the most influential member of the commission. Haitians urge his appointment as minister to conclude the readjustment and negotiate the new treaty. Kerney and Vezina are next in popular favor for the important part they played in securing the support to the agreement which brought about Borno's capitulation. The agreement is wholly satisfactory. The masses have been overwhelmingly represented before the commission. Public confidence has been restored.

Port au Prince, March 1

(*By Mail*)

All Haiti—native and foreign—was in a subdued, uncertain, but tense state of mind as it awaited the arrival of the steamship Rochester bearing the Hoover Commission.

Eight years ago, as the McCormick Committee drew near, the atmosphere was wholly different. Haitians were then divided into three general groups. There was the small group which supported the Occupation—a group which included those who were actively working with the Occupation forces and those who accepted it either because they honestly believed it was established for the welfare of Haiti or because, for personal reasons, they believed it was safer and more comfortable to submit. Another somewhat larger group rebelled from the first against the invading forces and fearless of personal consequences that might result from their opposition, were loudly crying defiance or asking for justice and humanity from their oppressors.

Between these two groups stood the great mass of the Haitian people, as yet unaligned with either side, waiting, hoping, fearing, praying. Except for rare instances no one in the civil or military Occupation could be found who was not openly and arrogantly supporting the Occupation. All Haitians were lumped by them as "niggers," mentally incompetent, physically inefficient, chronically dishonest, and wholly unfit for political or social responsibility.

Today everything is different. All Haiti, except for the office-holders of the Borno group, is solidly aligned against the Occupation and is speaking, in voices not to be misunderstood, though in differing tones, the same language. Immediate withdrawal of the military forces from the soil of the sovereign state of Haiti; immediate restitution of constitutional government, with the free election of a president by the votes of the people—these are the demands of Haiti today. There is no desire to complain to the commission of illegalities of conduct on the part of either civil or military officials, of waste, inefficiency, or nepotism in administration, or even of the brutal and insulting treatment of the Haitian people of all classes, though there is, of course, a mass of evidence on all these points. The day is long past when an amelioration of these grievances would satisfy any Haitian.

To one who saw and felt the spirit of the days of the McCormick investigation the most amazing thing today is the attitude of the foreigners here in civil life, particularly of many American civil and military officials. In private conversations, with the request that they be not quoted personally, many of these officials frankly admit that the whole business is a miserable mistake and a practical failure, a tragedy and an outrage from the human standpoint. There is a widespread and genuine spirit of sorrow and outspoken indignation for the national disaster that has befallen the Haitian people, and this point of view is openly held by many highly placed American men and women of the Occupation.

The sessions of the commission began under a slight cloud. The message of President Hoover had raised great hope in the hearts and minds of the Haitian people; but unfortunately they were misled by it into believing that the commission had executive powers to bring about the ends sought by the President. There was skepticism as to whether the commission would see its way clear to carry out the desire of the President, but of the power of the commission to right their wrongs the Haitians had no doubt. Above all, they felt certain that the commission would have some authority over the presidential elections scheduled to take place during the commission's visit to the island.

When, therefore, the commission announced on their arrival that they had only the power of recommendation and that their report would not be made and acted upon for some weeks or even months after their return home, such a wave of bitterness spread over the island that it seemed for a day as if a political tragedy was imminent. Distrust of

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the commission was greatly increased, moreover, by reason of a brutal display of force by the Garde d'Haïti on the night before the commission arrived, when it had dispersed an absolutely quiet and orderly crowd gathered before the legislative chambers. A more effective exhibition of unfitness for the job of governing a country could scarcely have been planned by the opponents of the military Occupation than that staged on this occasion by the marine officers in ordering the Garde to charge upon and beat up a perfectly orderly crowd. The well-grounded fear of a coup d'etat and the immediate installation of a new president for six more years, before the commission could establish plans to secure a constitutional election by an elected legislature, had brought large crowds to the vicinity of the legislative chambers. There was absolutely no disorder. They were merely waiting to see if the Council of State was going to convene. There is no doubt that trouble would have occurred if an attempt had been made to hold a presidential election, for Haiti is in no mood to accept a continuation of her subjugation. But there was no need for a charge on the crowd even when it reached the number of around 3,000. It was not compact, it was not blocking traffic in the great Champs de Mars. The people were walking about, waiting, when suddenly the Garde appeared, led by marine officers, and without even giving an order to disperse or to clear the streets and park, began to beat the heads of men and women alike with their cocomacaque sticks, inflicting deep cuts and terrible bruises. About forty Haitians are known to have received medical treatment, and no one knows how many more fled to their homes for treatment there.

It was inevitable that the Haitians should feel that such a display of brute force on the eve of the arrival of the commission would not have been ordered if the Occupation had not felt sure of support from the commission, and this fact made it doubly difficult for the commission to secure the confidence and cooperation of the Haitians for its work. Early morning conferences on the day after the commission's arrival, and especially the sympathetic understanding of Commissioner William Allen White, served to clear the air of misunderstandings on both sides and opened the way for frank discussions of possible lines of procedure that would obviate a tragic failure at the outset.

This brute force of which I have given an example and which has characterized the whole history of the Occupation is not the crowning stupidity—to use no stronger term—of the fifteen years of blundering in Haiti. The great issue—and it is the issue that pervades every phase of every American intervention—is the racial attitude of every American official in every department of the Occupation. For an American to be seen speaking on friendly terms to a Haitian, unless in a strictly business or official capacity, is to invite ostracism and insult from the lowest to the highest of those who, under the terms of the treaty, are here to "assist" the Haitians. Thus, while French, German, English, and Canadian residents maintain social relations with Haitians of their own degree of culture and education, Americans, from the highest official to the toughest leatherneck, treat all Haitians with the utmost contumely and ridicule.

In view of this racial condescension, an incident which occurred in connection with the arrival of the commissioners is especially amusing and significant. General Russell, in an

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effort to save his face, invited the elite of Haiti to his residence to meet the members of the commission. The local press carried the replies to his invitation of several distinguished Haitians. I reprint three of them here.

> I am a part of that national community which "has the mentality of a child of seven years," and my country undergoes . . . oppression for which you, and yours, are the responsible agents. As a Haitian, my place is not in your salon, and the invitation which I have received . . . is a mystification. I refuse it. FRANÇOIS MATHON

> I should like to believe that it is by . . . error that your invitation was addressed to Mme Lucien Th. Lafontant and myself. . . . I ask you not to attribute to a similar cause my refusal to take part.
>
> LUCIEN LAFONTANT

> The "nigger" Jacques Roumain does not condescend to associate with whites. JACQUES ROUMAIN

In line with the policy of racial suppression of the Haitians, the civil branches of the Occupation have been practically filled by Americans, with Haitians tolerated only in the lowest grades. There seems to have been not the slightest effort to use capable and trained Haitians in the middle or upper grades. One is reminded forcibly of the warning of Senator Caraway, made years ago in Congress, that if Americans were authorized to serve here at double pay at the expense of the Haitian government, the time would never come when any Haitian would be found "capable of serving." The country is teeming with merry young striplings, "technical experts," who are receiving double and treble the amount their qualifications would ever bring them at home, while the real work is being done by underpaid Haitians. There is the established fact that an American official had an apartment made from storage quarters in a Haitian government building, at the expense of Haiti, and is today occupying it without paying any rent, in violation of the laws we ourselves have made for Haiti. It is said that there are many such cases, and that they are all known to the authorities.

It is known facts like these which have brought the situation to the breaking-point—and no one who has eyes to see and ears to hear will challenge the fact that the breaking-point has now been reached. The Haitians have abandoned any hope of carrying out the purposes of the treaty which we imposed on them by force. They realize that it is a policy of economic and financial domination in the interest of the United States and its nationals.

Yet the will to cooperate peacefully still exists here. And now that the first misunderstandings are cleared away the power of the commission to undo the great wrongs of the past years is complete. While all the members of the commission are liked and trusted it is unquestionably true that the sympathetic understanding and great-heartedness of Commissioners White and Vezina have done more in the few days they have been here than could be expressed in words. They have won the hearts and minds of the people. On every side one hears it said: "If Commissioner White could only be sent here to replace General Russell and guide the work, we would be patient and hopeful, for he has shown us that he understands us and that he has the true spirit of honest cooperation in our national interests. Already we love and trust him, and we would work faithfully with him. He has found our soul."

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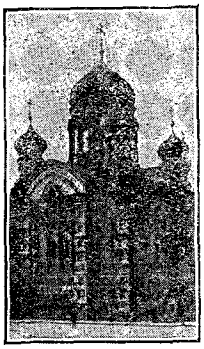

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(*Continued from page 320*)

A nature so passionate and a gift for expression so striking could hardly fail to exert some influence upon contemporary fiction-writing, but because of the idiosyncrasies of his interests and of his temperament that influence was more general than specific. He encouraged frankness, he helped popularize the use of psychoanalysis in fiction, and even more conspicuously still he was in part responsible for the free discussion of the sexual problems of characters; yet it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he was more concerned with using the novel for his own purposes than with developing it as a definite art form and that by his example he thus contributed to the forces which were disintegrating it. Each of his novels was less a novel than a treatment of some new aspect of his personal problem and an addition to the record of his perpetually unsuccessful struggle to make peace either with life or with the wildly discordant desires of his own stormy nature.

In an interview given recently to a correspondent of the *Evening Post* Lawrence said: "I consider 'Sons and Lovers' to have been the best novel of my first phase, 'Women in Love' the best of my second phase, and 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' the best to date, because in each case the vision embodied in the book seems complete for that world into which it is set." There is, to be sure, an obvious reality about this division, for the second of the works mentioned gives free rein to the forces which disintegrated the form of the first, while the third represents an effort to achieve again a simple and unified pattern. Yet it is difficult to think of Lawrence as working through any orderly course of development toward any settled method. One never knew what to expect next and for him the composition of a book seemed always to be some kind of explosion. Periodically he erupted into verse or prose and always, so it seemed to an outsider, at the moment when the internal pressure of his feelings reached a point which made a release of some kind inevitable.

Personally he was said to be shy and very gentle in his manner despite the violence with which upon occasion he would break out. Certainly he wrote less like a man who was savage by nature than like one suffering continually from some frustration so agonizing as to make it impossible to bear with equanimity the additional irritation occasioned by even the most ordinary of human stupidities. Yet it cannot be said that he ever defined very clearly the exact nature of that frustration, for it is primarily the effects of it, the disgust with life as it is lived, and the occasionally passionate mystical utterances concerning the "dark," anarchical God who is to liberate us which he so vividly describes.

Sex was, of course, the most obvious of his perplexities and the one of which he spoke with the greatest clarity, persistently analyzing not only the complexities of its normal manifestations but devoting much space in book after book to the picture of this or that perversion of the normal instincts. For this reason the temptation is strong to seek in sex the key to his own mystery and to assume that some derangement of the instinct was the source of his own maladjustment to life. Yet it is not quite certain that one can escape from the challenge of his pessimism quite so easily or that his concern with sex was actually more than a concern with something which was important chiefly because it symbolizes the most plainly irrational aspects of the lust for life which cannot justify its own desires. He dreamed sometimes of frank and pagan love. He spoke sometimes as though he thought that life best which was most completely absorbed in the practice of the sexual act. But his own feelings were distinctly ambivalent and for that reason troublesome.

Lawrence not infrequently seemed to despise his own preoccupation and to center upon creatures in love the whole of his irritation at beings which could not escape from their bondage to desire. Perhaps, then, it was not sex which led him to question the universe but the universe which led him to question sex, for the simple reason that sex presents in a concrete and complicated form much of the problem of the relation of sentient man to the blind forces of nature. And if we take this view of Lawrence's preoccupation it leaves us with no simple or mechanical key to the meaning of his profound and unending quarrel with the conditions of human existence.

Yet this quarrel of his was certainly an idiosyncratic one. Even in the midst of a generation remarkable for the number and variety of its protests he was set apart not only by the extraordinary violence of his dissatisfaction but also by the fact that its nature was enough different from that of his fellows to make it as obviously unsuitable to class him with Aldous Huxley as with social critics like Wells. His emphasis was his own; he had his particular vision of the evil in nature; or, if you prefer, his own private grievance. And it is just a clear or wholly comprehensible description of the exact nature of that grievance which he never gives. One feels that some clue is necessary before one can completely understand him and that that clue, despite the nature and extent of his writing, is never supplied.

Perhaps this fact more than any other will be responsible for his failure if it should happen, as seems not unlikely, that Lawrence's work is finally judged to be extraordinarily interesting rather than absolutely great. Probably no other English writer of his generation equaled him in the sheer talent for writing, but one can seldom forget for long the riddle which his temperament propounds or read many pages of his writing without beginning to speculate, not about the work itself, but about the possible genesis of the mood which inspired it. And when this is true of a novelist it is proof that his novels are not absolutely of the first rank.

Your artist may be with impunity even "queerer" than the ordinary mortal. He may suffer from all sorts of complexes, fixations, and inhibitions. Indeed, if the Freudians are right he cannot very well get along without them, for they supply him with both the need to create and the materials for creation. But art at its most significant certainly detaches itself from the personality of the creator. It contains within itself everything necessary for the comprehension of any particular work, and we do not need to know any more about the character of the writer than the pages of his own work give. Thus, though Dostoevski may have been epileptic and Poe impotent, we can understand the works of both in the sense in which they were intended to be understood without reference to either fact. But in the case of Lawrence it is not quite so. We feel the need to understand him more thoroughly before we can understand the meaning of some of the most passionate of his outbursts, and to say that is to admit a defect in his work. He was a fascinating personality and an extraordinarily vivid writer, but he was not quite a novelist of the first rank.

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